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The Temperance Battle-Field;

AND

HOW TO GAIN THE DAY.

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG OF ALL AGES,

FULL OF

HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC STORIES,

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR,

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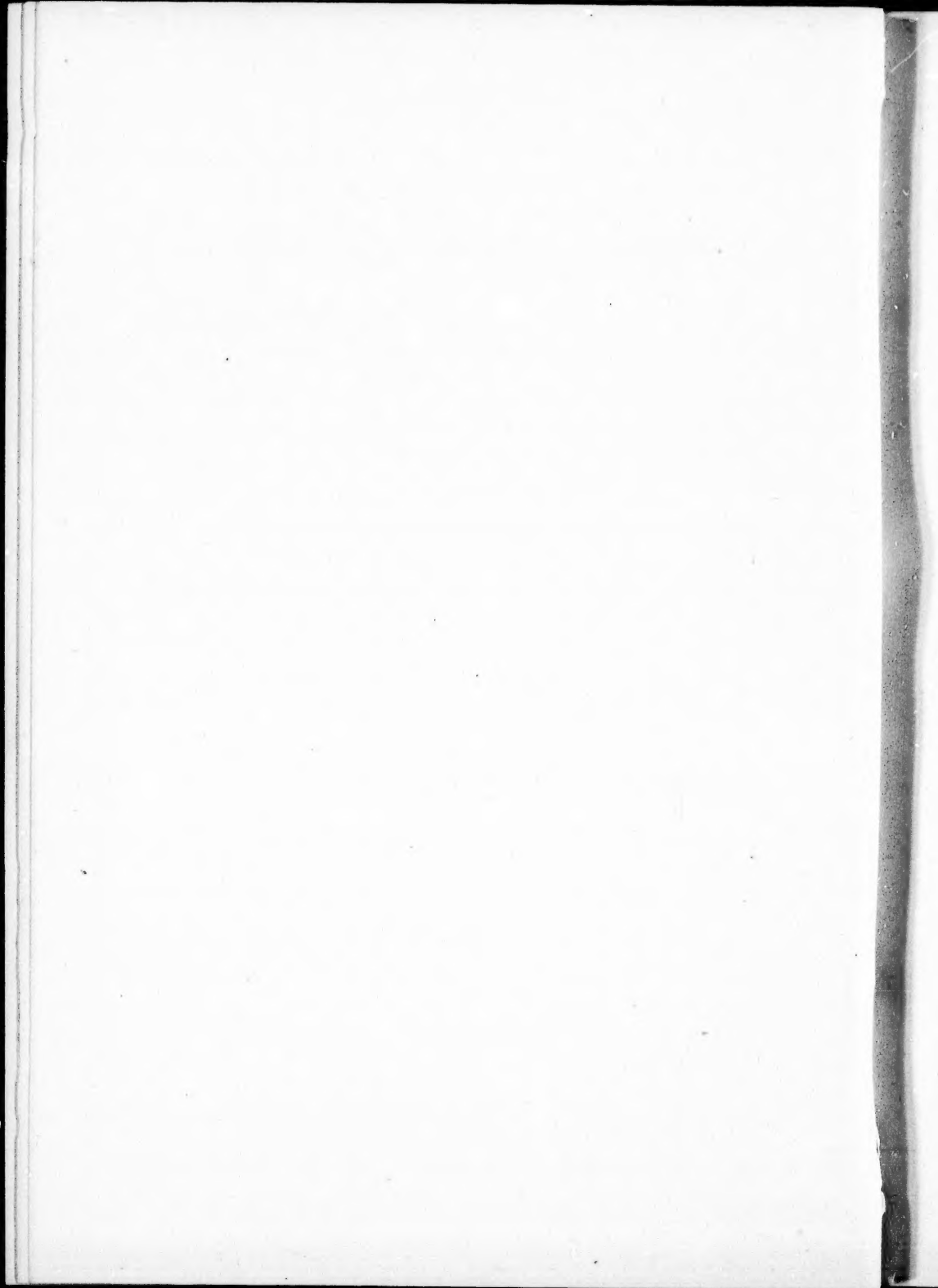


PREFACE.

THE object of this book is to present some of the most important aspects of the great Temperance Question, chiefly through the medium of vivid and telling illustrations. These have been collected from a variety of reliable sources. It is specially for the young, this book has been prepared ; the writer, however, has good hopes that many older folks may find both gratification and profit in reading it. May it prove a blessing to all.

JAMES C. SEYMOUR.

MARKHAM, *April, 1882.*



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CHAPTER I.

NEEDLESS TROUBLES.

“**MAN**,” said Rev. Plato Johnson, in the course of a very eloquent sermon, “is a very curus animule. He is de only animule dat don’t have a good time when he is a baby. Did dat idee ever ’cur to your mind before? After he’s dead he may go to hebben, but after he’s born, an’ till he gits able to take care of hisself, he has no comfort, an’ he don’t let nobody else hab any. Look at de dogs, wat a time de has togedder. Dey is born three or four at a time, so dey needn’t be lonely, an’ de minute dey get dere eyes open, dey begins to

play an' fool wid each other, an' to 'joy deirselve W'en night comes de calf lies down quiet by de side of its mudder, an' dats de last you hear of it till sunrise nex' mornin'. Did you ever hear of a calf havin' de chicken-pox or de mumps? Now, how is it wid de human baby? He ain't generally in de world mor'n half an hour before he begins to let de whole neighborhood know dat he's come at last, an' intends to stay. He no sooner gets well started before he has to bite a rubber ring all day to get his teeth through, an' when dey's comin' through, de fader has to carry round de baby all nite, an' him yellin' all de time loud 'nuff for a town-crier. No, de fac' is dat de human animule done have no happiness till he grows big 'nuff to have a home of his own, an' even den his misery has just begun. Brethren, dis complex problem has spiled my sleep a great many times."

If the human "animule" were content with such things as chicken-pox and mumps and teeth-cutting and a good many other troubles he is sure to have, it would not be so bad, but the worst of it is he must make a great many more that he ought never to have at all. Drinking liquor is about the readiest way to get into every sort of trouble. You wonder then why so many people learn to drink. One reason is that

the sparkling glass and the jovial company *appear* to be very pleasant and attractive. But the deception is something like what occurs in the sales that often take place in the marts of London. They take some old wretched brute, wind-broken, spavined, vicious, and used-up generally, and they "doctor" him up in so wonderful a manner that his owner would not know him. He comes out—

"Strong, black, and of the desert breed,
Full of fire and full of bone,
All his lines of fathers known ;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within,
His mane a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing ;
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light."

While you are admiring the noble-looking animal, a man who says he is the servant of some great man, but who is only an accomplice in the fraud, steps into the yard, and offers to buy him for his master at an immense sum, but the dealer has offered him to you for so much, and won't deviate from his word. You buy the horse and find out very soon afterwards that you have been most miserably cheated. Liquor-sellers do everything they can to make drinking a

most attractive thing, especially to the young, but it is the *greatest cheat in the world*.

Somewhere out west they built a hotel lately in the exact shape of an elephant. The idea was to draw excursionists by means of the novelty. The structure is 80 feet long and 65 feet high. Stairways inside the legs lead up to a big restaurant and other rooms in the body, while on the back is a car forming a good place of outlook. The outside is painted and sanded so as to resemble an elephant's skin. They made a mistake in selecting so peaceable and well-behaved an animal as the elephant. They might better have built the house in the shape of a very large *wolf*, and all whisky-selling houses might well be built in that shape.

Going into such places is about as dangerous as going into a wolf's hole. Two negroes were out shooting once and coming to a wolf's den, Cuff called out, "Dar's a wolf's hole." "I reckon dar is," said Jem. "I wonder wedder de ole one is in dat hole." "Dar aint no wolf in dat hole." "I reckon dar's young ones," said the other. "S'pose you go in dar, Cuff, and see wedder dar is or not." "Go in yourself, Jem, I'll stand at de hole and watch for de wolf. If I see him comin' I'll let you know." "All right," and

Jem crept into the hole. Soon the wolf came up with a swinging trot and made straight for the hole. Cuff was too late, and could only seize the wolf's tail, and then it was pull wolf and pull Cuff. The wolf's body completely filling the hole, Jem said, "Cuff, what makes the hole so dark?" "Well, I reckon," replied Cuff, "if dis wolf's tail comes loose, you'll know what makes the hole so dark."

Drink and dram-shops can never be trusted and the only safe plan is to give them, as the sailors say, as wide a berth as possible.

A St. Louis Sunday-school boy was asked by his teacher to explain what was meant by the word "responsibility;" the little fellow replied, "Boys has two buttons for their 'spenders so as to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, why there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button." Society has a pretty big responsibility with this whole drinking business, and as it happens there is only one button to depend upon, that is the sober temperance people.

One of the most important things the temperance people have to do is to show up to the world the true character of the drinking customs, and that is just the thing that is not relished at all.

An old toper once said, "Take my word for it, there is no harm in a cheerful glass; it is only the fuss you temperance folks make about it that gives it an ugly look to some people. You have only to hold your tongue and all will go on well enough." "You remind me," said another who was listening to him, "of a servant girl, who when her mistress complained at the filthy condition of the parlour, replied, "Oh, ma'am, the parlour is well enough, it is only the *nasty sun* that comes in and shows the dirt. I will close the shutters, and all will be well enough." Well, we must *just open* the shutters and let the "nasty sun" shine as brightly as possible on the wickedness of this business.

What good does the liquor-seller's business do?

A company of individuals united themselves together in a Mutual Benefit Society. The blacksmith came and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your Association." "Well, what can you do?" "Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements!" "Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith." The mason applied for admission into the Society. "And what can you do, sir?" "Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges!" "Very well, come in, we can't do without you." Along

comes the shoemaker and says, "I wish to join your Society." "Well, what can you do?" "I can make boots and shoes for you." "Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have you." So in turn applied all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to be a member. "And what are you?" "I am a rum-seller." "A rum-seller! And what can you do?" "I can build jails and prisons and poorhouses." "And is that all?" "No, I can fill them. I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poorhouses with paupers." "And what else can you do?" "I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow. I can break the heart of the wife and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt!"





CHAPTER II.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.



GERMAN spoke at a temperance meeting: "I shall tell you how it vas. While I vas drinking, I put my hand on my head, there vas von big pain. Then I put mine hand on my pody, and there vas another. There vas very much pains in all my pody. Then I put my hand in mine pocket, and there vas nothing. I joined de temperance. Now there ish no more pain in mine head. The pains in my pody are all gone away. I put mine hand in my pocket, and there ish twenty tollars; so I shall shtay mit de temperance." It would be well for people's pockets, as well as their health, if they would all join and "shtay mit de temperance," too.

Josh Billings says: "He who spends hiz younger days in disapashun iz mortgaging himself tew disease

and poverty, two inexorable creditors, who are certain to foreclose at last and take possession of the premises."

A Georgia editor writes: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in the State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, *whisky in all of them*, and the last gets away with *all the rest*."

A medical gentleman was taking a walk in Regents Park, London, when he observed an old man seated upon one of the benches by the roadside, whom by his dress he recognized as a pauper belonging to the Marylebone Poor-house. The gentleman stopped and spoke to him. "It's a pity," said he, "to see a man of your years reduced to spend the remainder of your life in a poor-house. How old are you?" "Close upon eighty, sir." "What was your trade?" "Carpenter, sir." "Well, that's a good trade to get a living by, surely. Now let me ask you plainly, were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?" "No, sir—that is, I only took my beer three times a day like all the rest—I was never a drunkard, sir, if that's what you mean." "No, I don't mean that, but I should like to know how much on the average your beer cost you per day?" "Well, sir, not more, I should think, than

sixpence a day." "And how long did you, speaking roughly, continue that expenditure?" "I can hardly say, sir, but it would be about sixty years." The gentleman taking out his pencil, began to make a calculation, while the old man kept on rambling about his temperate habits, and the misfortunes that had overtaken him. When the sum had been worked out, the gentleman, very much to the astonishment of his listener, said to him: "Temperate, as you say your habits have been, my friend, let me tell you, that your sixpence a day for sixty years, at compound interest, has cost you *three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling*, and if, instead of spending it on your beer, you had put it aside for your old age, you would now have been in the receipt of *one hundred and sixty pounds* a year without touching the principal, or in other words, of *three pounds a week*, in place of living in a poor-house and being dressed as a pauper." That was an eye-opener to the old man, and if he had opened his eyes about it sixty years before, it would have been a good job for him.

Two drunken Irishmen were staggering along on the banks of the Liffey. Pat shouts, "Arrah! Tim, isn't whusky, mate, and drink, man?" With that he tumbled over into the river and stuck head foremost

into the mud. "Yis," said Tim, "ye said that whusky was mate and drink, sure isn't it washing and lodging too, Pat?" There is a great deal of trouble in poor Pat's country just now, about paying high rents to the landlords; but there ought to be a great deal more trouble about what is paid to the *bar-room landlords*. For every *fifty-seven dollars* the Irishman pays of rent for his land, he pays for whisky *sixty-nine dollars*! If the Irish would get up an *Anti-whisky League*, and raise a big rebellion against all this horrible drinking business, there would be some sense in it.

How much money do you think it costs the British Islands every year for drink? Seven hundred millions of dollars. That is too big a sum for boy or man to comprehend. Now, look at that freight car on the railway track. Suppose we fill it with half-dollars. We'll say, we will put fifteen tons of them in that car. Well, is that all? No, fill another car. Surely that will hold the 700 millions. No, indeed, you may go on and fill *twenty-five cars*, and make up a heavy train that it will take a strong engine to pull. And you can with that 700 million of dollars make up *fifty* such trains of *twenty-five cars* each, and each car containing fifteen tons of half-dollars. *All this spent every year in Great Britain and Ireland for drink!*

The beer-mills of one single brewer in England cover one hundred acres of land, and he has five miles of private railway, which he uses in sending out ten hundred thousand barrels of beer annually ; while the profits of his business in one year was over *two millions of dollars*.

If the money they spend in a single year in the United States for drink, was used to buy barrels of flour, it would buy *five barrels* of flour for every man, woman, and child in the country. And suppose the flour were loaded on waggons, with ten barrels on each waggon, and allow each team twenty-four feet, it would form a procession *ninety thousand miles long*, or extending nearly *four times* around the globe ! For every dollar it costs the American people for *food*, they pay two dollars and a half for intoxicating drinks. They drink up every year the worth of *all* the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs there are in the country. They spend every year on strong drink *four times* as much as it costs to purchase clothes, boots and shoes, hats, bonnets, stockings, and many other articles for all the men, and women, and children in the whole country. If every fifth year a fire should be kindled all over the United States on the first day of January, and burn till the thirty-first day of December, con-

suming all they raise on every farm and prairie, every rice, and cotton, and sugar plantation, the products of all the fisheries, the products of all the mines, the earnings of all the railroads, it would destroy no more than what the people drink up *every five years*. There are some sixty-three thousand churches in the United States, and eighty-three thousand ministers ; but there are in the same country two hundred and fifty thousand grog-shops, and five hundred thousand whisky-sellers. There is *thirty times* as much money spent every year in drinking-places in that country as is given to all church and benevolent purposes. In one year their drink bill would build *four times* as many churches, and as large and as good, as they have now in the whole land. There is not a doubt that our own Dominion has lost as much through drink, in the last five years, as would more than pay all the expenses of building the entire Pacific Railway !





CHAPTER III.

FOOLS AND CRIMINALS.

IF all this drinking made people wiser and better it would be some consolation, but it just makes them all the greater fools. A man tells about his first spree: "I never vos drunk but once, and I niver means to be agin. The street seem'd to be wery steep, and I liftid my legs at every step as if I was gittin' upstairs; several cartwheels was making convolutions in my brain, and at one time, I fancied my head was a large carvin', and turnin' establishment, the lathes of which I vos keepin' in motion with my feet. I couldn't conceive wot vos the reason the town was turned into sich an enormous high hill; and wot made it worser was, that it seemed all the time growin' higher, and threatenin' to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, tho't I, and I'll head this old

hill yet, or at least it shan't head me. So I turned to go round and go to the bottom, and sure enough, if the town didn't turn round vith me, headin' me all the time. After a bit the ground flew up and struck me in the forehead. The next thing I saw vos a big brick house come full split round the corner, and I b'leve it ran right over me, but I don't remember any more."

A drunken Scotchman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, when a pig found him and began licking his mouth. He roared out: "Wha's kessing me noo? Ye see what is to be well liked by the lassies."

Even Members of Parliament have been known, under the influence of liquor, to make wonderful fools of themselves. Unless the newspaper reports were untrue, few years ago witnessed some strange things in a certain Legislative Assembly. "A raftsman's song, and the Marseillaise hymn were sung; the trumpets blew, and the laughter rose, mingled with derisive cheers. One member got on the floor with his hat on and a stick in his hand, and dared another member to fight him, playing the most fantastic and offensive tricks, and yelling at the top of his voice. Such hooting, cheering, cock-crowing, cat-calling, song-singing, tin-trumpeting as went on, while they howled like

flogged hounds, and hurled blue-books like brickbats at each other's heads!"

The very heathens are disgusted with the folly of the drinker of liquor. The Queen of Madagascar—a country till lately full of cruel savages—made a proclamation to her people: "I, Ranvalomajaka, by the grace of God, and the will of my people, Queen of Madagascar, this is what I say to you, God has given me this land and kingdom, and concerning rum, you and I have agreed it shall not be sold, because it does harm to your persons, to your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, and makes more foolish the foolish, and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God."

Drinking liquor makes people more than silly fools, it makes them *dreadful criminals*. There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to the Devil. The conditions were: "for a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified by his Satanic Majesty; at the end of which time his soul was to be forfeited." The legend says, that when the time agreed upon had expired, this man was unwilling to fulfil his part of the contract, and asked the Devil upon what terms he could be released. The reply was: "If you

will curse God, I will release you." "No," said the man, "I cannot curse the Being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked." "Then kill your father," replied the Devil, "and you shall go free." "No," answered the man, "that is too horrible to think of, even for a moment. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?" "One more," the Devil replied, "you must get drunk." "That is a very easy thing to do," the man answered, "and I accept this condition." I cannot kill my father, I will not curse God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober, all will be well." Accordingly he soon got drunk, and when in this condition, chanced to meet his father, who upbraided him for his misconduct, which so excited his rage that he killed him on the spot, cursed his God, then fell down dead, and the Devil had him sure.

In the three years previous to 1875, out of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-nine persons who were put in jail in Canada for various crimes, *twenty one thousand two hundred and thirty-six* of them were sent there for drunkenness, or evil deeds done under the influence of drink. It is the same thing everywhere.

There is no crime, however bad, but drink will drive

a man on to commit. The heart-rending cries of a little girl were heard ringing out from a cellar in a certain city. A brutal, half-drunken man was lashing the girl with a large strap. That child he had bought for half-a-dollar from *her own mother*, who had spent the money the same day for drink.

A drunkard lived in a wretched hovel on the side of a hill. For many a sorrowful year his family had endured untold misery. The poor wife kept the family from starvation by washing, etc. The wretch would often take all her little earnings to the tavern, and leave her and the children without a morsel of food. One day he came home intoxicated and demanded something to eat. She told him there was nothing in the house. He struck her a blow that knocked her almost senseless on the floor and fell to kicking her most furiously. The few old chairs and all the furniture they had, he smashed to pieces. He then opened a box containing all the clothes she and the children had, tramped on them, and then kicked them into the fire. His wife had to take refuge on the bleak mountain side. Beneath a shelving rock she and her infant were found at night, where they would have speedily perished, but that some kind friends discovered their pitiable situation.

"My heart is broken," writes a lady, in regard to the terrible end of a dear friend of hers, the wife of a drunkard, a man, too, of education and fortune, and who had occupied a high, social position. He was gone from his family nearly all the time, and when he did come home, we were obliged to lock the doors and sometimes to send for help to keep him off. At last she died. Having laid her out we locked up the room, and left her in the chamber of death. That night he came home and asked us to let him see his wife. We were deceived by his well-assumed melancholy and we gave him the key. In about ten minutes after he left us a servant came to the door weeping and begged us to go and take master away for *he was beating mistress*. We went to see what he had been doing, and there was my precious Mary, who had never given him an unkind word, lying on the floor; all her burial clothes torn from off her body and she bruised and mangled to such a degree that the ladies in the room were unable to endure such a scene. Her old nurse and I stayed and shrouded her again, and her body was in such a condition as to compel an immediate burial."

Several years ago a youth was hung for killing his little brother. When on the gallows the sheriff said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you

have only five minutes to live." The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found him gathering strawberries in the garden. I became angry with him without a cause, and I killed him at one blow. I did not know anything about it till the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say to young men, *Never, never, NEVER touch intoxicating drinks*, and never begin to smoke."

A man who had committed murder and was awaiting the day of execution drew the picture on the wall of his cell, of a gallows, with *five steps* leading up to it. On the first step he wrote, *Disobedience to Parents*; on the second, *Sabbath-breaking*; on the third step, *Gambling and Drunkenness*; on the fourth, *Murder*; and on the fifth he wrote, "*The Fatal Platform.*"



CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH-ROLL.

HERE is nothing that brings on so many diseases and shortens so many people's lives as drink. The insurance companies will not insure the life of a drunkard on any terms. The English Life Insurance Actuaries, whose business it is to make calculations as to the probable length of time people are generally likely to live, have found that among one thousand drinkers and one thousand who did not drink liquor, taken at random at 20 years of age, the drinkers lived upon an average thirty-five years and six months, and the temperate people, *sixty-four years and two months*.

A man who used to drink a great deal of beer and who had a very red nose, one day saw his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup,

asked her, "What are you doing, my child?" "I'm dipping dolly's dress in this beer to color it red." "Why, you can't color it red with beer." "Oh, yes, I can, papa, 'cause mamma says it's beer *makes your nose so red!*" Drink will paint the nose and face of the drunkard red, and it will burn his brain and vitals as badly as if with a coal of fire.

A toad once got himself into trouble by not taking care of what he ate. He swallowed a *wasp*, thinking no doubt that it was a large, but defenceless fly. The realization of his mistake came when the wasp began pricking his internal organs, as a conscience pricks a sinner. The toad stood on his hind legs, and reached frantically down his throat after that wasp. Failing to dislodge it, he turned several summersaults, but all in vain. Then he stood up and exclaimed, "Woo-ooduc! Woo-ooduc!" which was supposed to be a call for a stomach pump or a quick emetic. He then made several attempts to stand on his head but was unsuccessful. He then began puffing out his sides until he looked like a base ball with legs to it, but neither did this hit the case. Again he reached down his throat, but his arm was too short to reach the spot where the wasp was operating. His head began to swim, and he rolled over on his back

and clawed the air. The wasp was evidently unable to continue his infliction of punishment, and the toad began to feel better. He got upon his feet, and with a fore-foot carefully examined his ribs upon either side. Finding them all in place he stretched himself to his utmost height, two or three times, to see if his legs were in working order. Being satisfied that he was all there, he gave a croak of relief and hopped away under a tomato vine.

It would be well for the whisky-drinker who knowingly swallows down wasps a thousand times worse, if he could always escape as well at last as the toad did. If a man were to swallow alive the most deadly viper it would not be any worse than a great deal of the liquor that is drank every day. *Pure* whisky or brandy, or wine, or beer, are all dreadfully dangerous drinks, but such drinks are hardly ever *found pure*. They are nearly all largely mixed with, or rather almost made up entirely of, the most powerful and terrible poisons. It is no wonder that while ordinary disease kills its thousands, such horrible drinks slay their ten thousands every year. In the United States alone drink kills off annually as many people as would make a city as large as Toronto. About *every four minutes* on an average

somebody dies through drink in Great Britain and America!

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old Decanter
And its mouth was gaping
wide, the rosy wine
had ebbed away
and left
its crystal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming up and down,
and through the
reed-like, hollow neck
the wildest notes were blown.

I placed it in the window, where
the blast was sounding free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. They tell me, puny conqueror, the plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousand, of the very best of men! But I ('twas thus the bottle spoke), but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore! Then, come ye youths and maidens, all come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up; that puts to shame your conquerors, that slay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava-tide of woe. Though in the path of battle the darkest streams of blood may roll, yet while I kill the body I destroy the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword such ruin never wrought, as I birth or malice on the innocent have brought.



CHAPTER V.

HABIT'S IRON CHAINS.

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THE habit of drinking grows on people wonderfully, and rapidly gets worse and worse. There was an infidel family once who wanted to get the chimneys of their house cleaned of soot. Two negro sweeps, one of them old and the other young, were employed to do the job. They succeeded very well in getting up to the top of the chimney, but as the chimney had two branches, and one of these led down to the room where the infidel master was confined through illness, unfortunately the young sweep in coming down, took this latter branch. The infidel heard something rather unnatural in the chimney, and raised himself on his elbow and fixed his eyes on the fire-place. After a few moments' anxiety and suspense, to his astonishment and horror,

down came what he supposed to be a visitant from the lower regions : The hero of the scraper not perceiving his mistake, and wondering what was keeping his companion, shouted up the chimney, "Hallo, old fellow ! is you comin' ?" "What !" said the infidel, "are there any more of you ?" "O yes, massa, de old fellow's just behind," replied Sooty. This was too much to bear, he sprang from the bed and rushed downstairs, calling loudly for help, declaring that the little devil was upstairs, and the old one just coming. When a boy or a man begins to drink, the little devil is on hand, and depend upon it, the old devil of drunkenness is coming speedily after.

In certain places on the sea-shore of Scotland and France there are dangerous quicksands. But they appear very harmless-looking to the traveller. The beach seems perfectly dry. All the sand is smooth and solid-looking. The traveller walks along not fearing much danger. But somehow he feels as if the weight of his feet increased every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in two or three inches. He thinks he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. He pulls himself out and throws himself to the left ; the sand is half leg deep. He throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins. Then

he discovers with unspeakable terror, that he is *already caught* in the quicksand. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress ; it is too late, the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief ; but the sand gains on him more and more. If there is nobody on the shore, or if the land is too far off, it is all over with him. He is condemned to that long, appalling burial which lasts for hours ; which seizes you erect and in full health, and draws you by the feet. Every effort you make, every shout you utter, you are dragged down a little deeper, sinking slowly into the earth, while you look upon the sky, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, and the sunshine all around you. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep. Every movement he makes, sinks him deeper. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs. The sand reaches his breast. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out and sobs frenziedly. The sand reaches his neck, the face alone is visible. The mouth cries—the sand fills it and there is silence. The eyes gaze still—the sand shuts them—it is the *night of death*. A little hair flutters above the sand,

and soon that is gone. The earth-drowned man has disappeared for ever. *That is a picture of the progress of drink, from the first cup of wine a young man takes to the last.*

A man who died some time since from the effects of a drunken spree, in his sober intervals used to tell his experience: "I was a minister of the Gospel, but tampering with drink, that demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth, churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. I became a lawyer and my voice was heard pleading in the large courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money, but it went to feed the dreadful appetite for drink that consumed me. I had a home, adorned with all that wealth and taste could suggest, but the light faded from its chambers. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning, but they are gone. I had a wife, whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember her, and to know her was to love her. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. But the infernal monster, Drink, would not spare me that blessing. I had a mother, who for

long years was a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in the reflection that her youngest-born son was useful to his fellows, and an honor to her who bore him. But my wretched intemperance struck her like a thunderbolt. Ah! me, never a word of reproof from her lips; only a tender caress; only the shadow of a great, unspoken grief, gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid lovingly on mine; only a piteous appeal to heaven for her poor lost son. And thus I stand a clergyman without a church, a barrister without brief or business, a father without a child, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a solitary friend in the world, a soul without hope—all *swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.*"

"I was, the other day, in a beautiful residence," says a minister, "there was a large gathering of friends. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, but I was astonished when I sat down at the table to notice that there were no wine-glasses. I whispered to the lady of the house, 'I see no wine-glasses here, are you teetotalars for the day, because I am here?' I saw in a moment the change in her face. She said: 'I have something to tell you about that.' As soon as dinner was over she said to

me: "You asked me about the wine-glasses, I will tell you the reason for their absence. You remember my Willie?" "Oh, yes, I remember Willie well!" "Was he not a fine boy?" she asked with tears in her eyes. "Yes," I said, "one of the finest lads I ever knew." "Yes," she said, "and he was my pride. You know he used wine freely. After a time I noticed what aroused my suspicions. William used to come home smelling of wine, and I didn't like it. I spoke to him and he said there was no danger. He had only been meeting a few friends. One night he came home quite drunk. I could not conceal it from his father. His father is a hot-tempered man, and met him in the lobby, and bitter words passed. His father ordered him out of the house, and he went, and for months we never knew what became of him. Father would not let us even mention his name, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray. We did not know whether he was dead or alive. One night when we were sitting together, I suddenly heard a noise, and I thought it was Willie's voice. I dared not speak. My husband looked round and said:—

"Did you hear anything?" "I thought I heard a voice." "I believe," he said, "it is Willie's. Just go to the door and see."

She said, "I went to the door and there he stood, more like a ghost than a young man. He looked at me and I said :

" 'Willie !' "

" 'Mother,' he said, 'will you let me in ?' "

" 'Yes, my boy, you should never have gone away, come in, come in.' And I had to lead him by the arm.

" 'Don't take me into the parlor—take me into the kitchen. I feel, mother, as if I were dying.' "

" 'No, my son, you shall not die.' 'Will you make me a basin of barley broth, like you used to make me ?' "

" 'I will make you anything you like, but you must come upstairs and lie down.' I called his father and he came, but he didn't say an angry word to him. We carried him upstairs and laid him down upon the bed, and after a moment's pause he said :

" 'Father, the drink has killed me.' "

" 'No, my boy,' said the father, 'we shall bring you round yet.' "

" 'Never, father,—God be merciful to me a sinner, and his head fell back, and there was an end to our boy in this life. His father stood and looked at Willie as he lay there dead, and said to me, 'Mother, the drink has killed our Willie, and there *shall never*

be another drop of drink in this house while I am alive.' "

The appetite for drink is something terrible. A Chicago paper gives an account of a confirmed drunkard of that city, a boy only seventeen years of age. This boy was sent to the inebriate asylum, in New York. There he was confined for two years, during which time he studied hard and showed remarkable cheerfulness and ability of mind. At the end of two years, the Superintendent of the Asylum allowed him to go out riding with one of the keepers, who had some business out in the country. On their way back, the driver stopped in front of a village inn to water his horse. The quick eye of the boy darted through the half-open door-way of the inn, and saw a bar, behind which was a tempting array of bottles. Almost as quick as a flash of lightning, the boy jumped out of the waggon, dashed through the door, over the bar, and before the astounded bar-keeper could stop him, he had drained nearly a quart of brandy from a decanter standing there. When caught, he rubbed his stomach, and fairly screamed for joy. "Oh, that tasted so good! I would give my life for more of it!" With great difficulty they got him back into the wagon. The keeper at once set out for the asylum, hoping to

arrive there before the liquor could take effect upon him. He was doomed to disappointment. In a very short time the boy became literally wild from the effect of the enormous draught of brandy, and attacking the keeper, he succeeded in throwing him out of the waggon; he then lashed the horse into a furious gallop, yelling like a demon, until he roused the country round about. The waggon was smashed into a thousand pieces, and when caught, he was all bruised and bleeding, with his clothes stripped to rags, laughing wildly, as he exclaimed that he never had such fun in his life.

Men have been known to drink alcohol out of bottles where it was used in preserving snakes, scorpions, and other vile things, and even to drink the whisky in which *a corpse had been washed*.

There is nothing too mean for a drunkard to do in order to get liquor. And there is nothing too mean for some liquor-sellers to do, to make money out of their accursed business.

Some years ago in a hotel not far from Boston, a poor fellow who had been gambling nearly all Saturday night, cut his throat in his room which was just over the bar. The group that was round the bar drinking on Sunday morning, were startled by heavy drops of blood

coming down from the ceiling on the counter. Looking up they saw a large red stain on the plaster from the centre of which the drops fell faster and faster, till they splashed on the floor. It was known that before the poor wretch's life-blood was cleaned from the floor, men were drinking, and the trade went on, though it was the Sabbath day.

A drunken wretch cut himself to pieces in a bar-room, in Washington, and the saloon-keeper boasted afterwards that he had cleared over one hundred dollars by the operation, as so many people came in to see the blood-stains where the poor fellow had lain, and they could hardly come in without taking a drink.

A woman, who had lost her husband by drink, was left penniless with four children. The tavern-keeper had got possession of his little home, and all that he had. The widow took in plain sewing which she found it hard enough to get. Some time after the loss of her husband, the liquor-seller called and asked her with apparent kindness about her prospects, professing his desire to serve her, and proposed that she should make some shirts for him. He wanted a dozen at fifty cents each, that would be six dollars. The widow was very glad to accept his offer, and began to think the liquor-dealer was a humane man. She worked

on, consoling herself with the thought of six dollars, and how many little comforts she so much needed, that this sum would buy for herself and her half-naked children. When the work was done, she carried it to her employer who found no fault with it. After examining the articles he said :

"Mrs. —, I have always considered you an honest woman and anxious that all should have their dues. Now, I owe you six dollars, but I have a claim against you—that is, if you are the honest woman I take you for. I have a note of your husband's for five dollars, given me about a month before he died. Now, if I pay you one dollar that will make us square."

And he actually returned her the note given by her poor besotted husband and the one dollar.





CHAPTER VI.

A SLANDER ON CHRIST.



HERE is no sin that brings greater disgrace on Christian people, and that is more offensive in the sight of God, than the sin of drink.

A British officer in India after remarking that the Mohammedans, as a rule, are abstainers and do not drink intoxicating drink, says, "The remark is often made by natives when they see a Mohammedan drunk. 'He has left Mohammed *and gone to Jesus.*' On one occasion while he was urging a native to examine the claims of Christianity, two drunken English soldiers passed along. "See," said the native, "do you wish me to be like that? As a Mohammedan, I could not, as a *Christian, of course, I might.*"

It is only a short time since the execution of Swift Runner, a Cree Indian, who was hanged for murder

and cannibalism, at Fort Saskatchewan, in the Northwest. Some years before, Swift Runner was the head man of his band in that district; and when the police came into that part of the country in 1875, he was recommended by the Hudson Bay officers as a trustworthy and intelligent guide. *His contact with white men, however, ruined him.* Although whisky is debarred the Territories, large quantities, nevertheless, find their way in, in bottles disguised as patent medicines. Swift Runner became inordinately fond of it, and when half drunk he was the terror of the whole region. He was six feet three in height, and of extraordinary strength, and when on a spree, he was an ugly customer to meet with. He was drunk for three months at a stretch, and turned the Cree camps into little hells. His family consisting of his wife, his mother, and seven children, remained with the band; but on his promising to behave himself they went to the hills to live with him. After some time, a hunter brought word that Swift Runner had murdered his entire family, and was subsisting on their carcasses. After a long and fruitless search, the police captured him at last, and on being charged with the crime, he pleaded guilty, and offered to conduct the police to the remains. He had camped in

a hole or cave at the base of the mountains, and the bones of his victims lay scattered about the floor. They had been boiled. Hooking his finger in the eye of one of the skulls he picked it up and said in the most careless manner, "This is my mother," and so on, with the other skulls, nine in all. He said *whisky had demoralized him, and made him feel like a wolf.* He had killed them all one night while they were asleep, and buried the bodies in the snow, cutting them up and boiling them as he needed them. The day he was hanged, he was asked if he would like before he died, to see a "black coat," a Christian teacher. "No," he said, *"the white men had ruined him, and, therefore, he didn't think their God could amount to much."* After he had mounted the gallows, one of the police officers kindly attempted to read a prayer, but his voice was drowned by the jeers and shouts of the Indians, and the sheriff gave the signal, and Swift Runner went down with fearful force.

The most dreadful thought of all is, that they who fill drunkards' graves have no hope of happiness in the eternal world. It is written in heaven, and on earth that, "*no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.*"

Here is an alphabet of drink worth committing to memory.

A is for adder,

That lives in the cup,
The drunkard don't see it,
And so drinks it up.

B is for bottle,

Mark poison thereon,
Touch, taste not, nor handle,
Or you'll be undone.

C is for cider,

To drink it is wrong ;
Though at first very weak,
It is soon very strong.

D is for drunkard,

Just look at his nose ;
How red are his eyes,
And how dirty his clothes.

E is for evening,

When he goes out to drink,
What he knows does him harm,
If he only would think.

F is for fountain,
So merry and clear ;
Who only drinks water
Has nothing to fear.

G is for gin,
That makes people lazy ;
Then cross to their wives,
And finally crazy.

H is for hard times,
Which surely will come,
When a man spends his money
For nothing but rum.

I is for inn,
Like a rat trap, no doubt,
When once you get in
It is hard to get out.

J is for jail,
Where the drunkard is kept,
Till the fumes of his liquor
Away he has slept.

K is for knowledge,
Of which little remains,

When he puts in his mouth
What runs off with his brains.

L is for liquor,
Whatever the name,
The taste, or the odor,
They all are the same.

M is for monkey,
Who wiser than men,
If you once make them drunk
You can't do it again.

N is for Noah,
Who planted the vine ;
And how sad is the warning,
Got drunk upon wine.

O is for orphan,
Of which thousands are made,
Every month of the year,
By the rumseller's trade.

P is for pledge,
All good people should take ;
If you can't sign your name,
Your mark you should make.

Q is for quarrel,
Look sharp and you'll find,
In 'most every quarrel
There's liquor behind.

R is for rum,
And for rumseller too;
With one or the other
Have nothing to do.

S is for snow,
Where the poor drunkard lies ;
Overcome by the liquor,
He freezes and dies.

T is for tippler,
Who grows worse and worse,
Till he finds to his sorrow
Not a cent in his purse.

U is for union,
In union there's strength ;
With the young and the old
We shall conquer at length.

V is for viper,
A venomous snake ;

Like rum he'll poison you,
Though your life be at stake.

W is for wine,
So sparkling and red,
If you taste it at all
It will fly to your head.

X, or double **X**,
A name for strong ale,
Means "three sheets in the wind,"
Then blown off in a gale.

Y is for yard,
Where tombstones are seen;
If the drunkard don't stop
They'll soon carry him in.

Z is for zebra,
A beast you can't tame;
If you meddle with liquor,
You'll find it's the same.





CHAPTER VII.

NO HARM IN A LITTLE.

HIS evil of drink and the liquor-traffic is certainly one of the most terrible that ever the world was afflicted with, and yet, strange to say, there is no end to the excuses people are ready to make in its favor, and in order to continue it. "Oh," say such people, "it is the drunkards, —the beastly sots, who cannot be content with the *moderate* use of liquor—they are the ones that bring disgrace on the whole thing. If liquor is used in moderation it won't do any harm." But the next question is *what is* moderation in drinking?

A gentleman, in the Highlands of Scotland, who thought himself a very moderate drinker, and, therefore, entitled to reprove the drunkard for his excess, heard that one of his friends was intoxicated. Some-

time afterwards he saw him and undertook to rebuke him for getting drunk.

"I ken its wrong," said he, "but then, I dinna drink as meikle as you do."

"Why, sir! how is that?" asked the other in surprise.

"Why," continued he, "dinna ye tak a glass o'whisky and water after dinner?"

"Why, yes, Jemmy, to be sure I take a little whisky after dinner to help digestion."

"And dinna ye tak a glass o'whisky-toddy every night before ye gang to bed?"

"Yes, to be sure, I just tak a little toddy at night to help me to sleep."

"Tell," said he, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, or about sixty every month. I only get paid off once a month, and then if I'd tak sixty glasses it wad make me dead drunk for a week; now ye see the only difference is, *ye time it better than I do.*"

Nobody ever talks about moderation in other vices. You never hear people say that it is no harm to do a little moderate lying, or swearing, or cheating. There can be no moderation in such things. To have anything to do with them at all is a great excess. And so it is with drinking alcohol, which leads to all these and a

great many more crimes. The only true modération with liquor is to let it *entirely alone*.

Those folks that lay so much stress on moderation do not always like to trust too much to their own theory. If a merchant, who is himself a moderate drinker, wants a boy in his store, and a boy offers himself for the place and says to him, "I want to get the situation ; I drink a glass of whisky now and then, but I am always very moderate." Does the merchant employ that boy ? No, indeed, he tells him at once he won't do for him.

Even the liquor-seller is afraid to engage a bartender to sell his liquors who drinks himself, however moderately.

Like a certain Irish judge, who once tried two most notorious scoundrels for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court, as well as the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor, said : " Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind, if you would keep these two *respectable gentlemen* until seven o'clock, or half-past seven, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours start of them."

One of these moderate drinkers, whose moderation

sometimes ended in his coming home drunk, a thing that is very commonly the case, so provoked his wife that she determined to try some severe remedy to get him to quit his drinking altogether. She urged him in vain to reform.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I don't like to break off all at once, it ain't wholesome. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," she said; "see now, if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself and nobody near to take you out." Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning home the worse of liquor, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for his wife to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so," said she, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet.

"You've got into a hole at last, and its lucky I'm in hearing or you might have drowned."

"Well," she continued after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold," and up he came higher at every turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom

again. This occurring more than once made him suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!"

"Well, now *I am*," responded the old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more.

"Did'nt you tell me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees. I'm afraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome."

The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to take the pledge, wet as he was.

The respectable moderate drinker who manages to avoid ever getting beastly drunk, is, nevertheless, a very dangerous character in society. His example is a fatal temptation to multitudes to copy his drinking habits, without caring a straw whether they will be able or willing to follow his so-called moderation.

A man who has got a very steady head, and is used to the business, may work with some degree of safety away up on a church spire, one or two hundred feet from the ground, but there are thousands of people

who, if they attempted to follow that man's trade up there, would find their heads reeling, and they would be almost sure to tumble to the bottom.

If there was a plank thrown across a gulf fifty feet high that would bear a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and you weigh one hundred and twenty, it might be a somewhat safe plank for you to walk over. But here stands a man who weighs two hundred pounds, and he sees you walking frequently over that plank in safety. He says that plank is safe. I will cross over, too. So on he goes until he sets his foot on the centre, and crash goes the plank, and the man is dashed down to destruction. The example of moderate drinkers is leading thousands to destruction in just the same way.

At a certain town-meeting, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum; those were the days when even church-going people and many ministers saw no great harm in temperate drinking, as they called it. The physician of the place, the leading deacon of the church, and the clergyman, were all favorable to granting the license, only one man in the meeting spoke against it. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable-looking woman. She

was very thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was nearly ended. After a moment's silence, and as all eyes were fixed upon her, she lifted up her wasted body to its full height, and stretched out her long bony arms, and raised her voice to a shrill pitch.

"Look upon me," she cried, "and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said about temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness is true. *Look upon me.* You all know me, or you once did. You all know that I was the mistress of the best farm in this place. You all know, too, that I had one of the best husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard. All—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged that they went to excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, (pointing with her bony finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor), as their authority that it was all right. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family, and I saw it with dis-

may and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I begged, I prayed, but it was of no use. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and my boys, was a good creature of God—the deacon there sold them rum, and took our farm to pay for the rum bills. The doctor said that a little was good, and it was only excess that was to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and one after another they were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all—to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly. The minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads; and when the President of the meeting put the question, "Shall any

licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?"
the unanimous response was "No!"





CHAPTER VIII.

IT'S A GRAND STIMULANT.

IT is the great plea of many that liquor is a grand stimulant, and helps people wonderfully to do their work.

Stimulants are, certainly, sometimes very useful. A whip is sometimes not a bad thing for a horse, especially if he is inclined to be lazy. A newspaper gives the picture of a little household scene, where a certain kind of stimulant was said to be beneficial. It says, "The mother has made a lap. The boy is in the lap. He is looking at the carpet. What has the mother in her hand? She has a shingle. What will she do with the shingle? She will lay it on where it will do the most good."

A day-school teacher of the olden time, used to have great faith in certain kinds of stimulants, and he took

such an interest in their application that he kept an account of their number. He boasted that in the fifty-one years and seven months that he taught school, he had given his scholars nine hundred and eleven thousand five hundred and twenty-seven strokes of the cane, and one hundred and twenty-four thousand of the large rod he had. With his ruler he had struck them twenty thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine blows. He had boxed their ears ten thousand one hundred and thirty-five times, besides giving them seven thousand nine hundred and five tugs at the same member; while with his knuckles he had come down on their heads one million one hundred and fifteen thousand eight hundred times. This was saying nothing of seven hundred and seventy-seven of them he had made to kneel down on round peas laid on the floor.

Whether his success as an educator of children was *as striking* as his stimulating powers were active, history does not say. We fear *that* is somewhat doubtful.

It is very easy to overdo the stimulating business. A man who was very anxious to help his wife one day to get up the dinner, was rousing up his energies to do his best, but he got more stimulating than he bar-

gained for before it was all over. He took up a plate of beefsteak in one hand, a coffee-pot in the other, and a dish of peas on the arm with the steak. As he was going along, the wind blew the dining-room door partly to, as he approached it, and putting out his foot to push it back, the dish of peas on his arm commenced to slide, a cold streak flew up his spine, and his hair began to raise, and he felt a sudden sickness at the stomach, but he dodged ahead to save the peas, partly caught them, made a wrong move, lost them again, jabbed at them with the coffee-pot, and upset the steak-dish, and in springing back to avoid the gravy stepped on the cat that belonged to a neighbor family, and came to the floor with the steak and peas and a terribly mad cat under him, and an over-flowing pot of scalding coffee on the top of him. Then he bounded up and stamped on the steak-dish, picked up the other dish and threw it out of the window, hurled the coffee-pot after the cat that was flying as if for its life. The end of the dinner was that he went to his bedroom with a bottle of sweet oil and a roll of cotton batting, and his wife went over to her mother's to cry.

Any kind of unnatural excitement may stir up a man's energies wonderfully for a while, but there is sure to be a reaction after.

If a man has got "the blues" the poorest thing he can do to get roused up, is to go to guzzling brandy-smashes, gin cocktails, and other alcoholic stimulants. For every degree such things help a man up, they drag him down two. Let him try what a smart walk will do for him. Let him hurry up a steep, cragged hill, build a stone wall, swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock maple, in short do anything that will stir his thick sluggish blood and start a healthy perspiration.

A man can endure far more fatigue of body or mind *without* alcoholic stimulants than with them. A brick-maker had a number of men in his employment, some of whom drank beer to help them to work, and others were total abstainers. He found that while the beer drinker who had made the fewest bricks made *six hundred and fifty-nine thousand*, the total abstainer who had made the fewest bricks made *seven hundred and forty-six thousand, that is eighty-seven thousand more than the other*.

There was once a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until the six hundred and fifty-nine members were nearly all sick or worn out. There were *only two* that went through undamaged, and they were total abstainers,

When the Russians go out to war, the corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be on his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. He is not considered fit to endure the strain that will be put upon him. If young men are preparing for athletic games or boat racing, all alcoholic stimulants are rigorously excluded, and the young men who have won the greatest fame in such things are total abstainers.

Many years ago Colonel Lemanowsky, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with a glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech: "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, and only a few rags for clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head; my feet blistered with the scorching sand and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the


veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the Providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, and vigor to this fact, *that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and,*" continued he, "'Baron Larry,' chief surgeon of the French Army, has stated as a fact, that the six thousand soldiers who survived to return from Egypt were all total abstainers."





CHAPTER IX.

HERE'S THE MEDICINE FOR YOU.

HE time was when most people thought that alcohol, *as a medicine* at any rate, was a very good thing, and could not be dispensed with.

There is a great change coming over the world on *that* point, and it is well there is. When any great reformation is started, there are always people ready to sneer at it, and this stripping of King Alcohol of his grand medical robes, has made many wise heads to shake a good deal.

When it was first determined to bring railroads into use in England, people declared that henceforth the race of horses would soon be extinguished, and a caricature picture was circulated entitled, "Horses going to the dogs."

Another caricature represented a steam coach called

"Wonder," passing along, crowded inside and outside with passengers who are gazing at a group of horses standing in an enclosure, and who appear very startled at the strange sight. One blind horse is represented as saying —

"A coach without horses! Nonsense! Come, come, don't think to humbug me because I am blind."

Another exclaims, "Well, dash my wig! If that is not the rummest go I ever saw!"

Two dogs are sitting in the foreground; one asks the question—

"I say, Wagtail, what do you think of this new invention?"

The other dog replies, "Why, I think we will soon have lots of meat."

Even a first-class journal said in 1825, "We would as soon expect people to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of the Congress rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of a machine going eighteen or twenty miles an hour."

Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was stoutly opposed by the medical profession and the public, and the results of his vaccination remedies were shown in the picture of a large vessel pouring out the skulls and bones of his victims, with labels on them such as, "Died

of vaccine eruptions," "Scald heads," "Jennerian scrofula," and "Cow itch."

It is easy to invent excuses about the fine medical virtues of drink, when a man *wants* it badly. It is like the Indian who had a sore toe and who asked for whisky to cure it. Instead of applying the whisky to the toe, he greedily *drank* it, and said, "Now, whisky, go down and cure my toe."

"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" asked somebody of an Irishman. "Indade I have, and I am not ashamed of it either," he replied. "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but *my* name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach." There was some honesty about that.

Instead of alcohol being regarded as a good thing to *cure* diseases, it would be far more suitable to regard it as just the thing to *create* disease. The Arabs say, that when the vine was first planted the Devil watered it with the blood of four animals. First that of a peacock; and when it began to put forth leaves, with the blood of an ape; when the grapes began to appear, with that of a lion; and lastly, when they were quite ripe, with that of a hog. The reason for all this, they say, is that the wine-bibber at first struts about

like a peacock; then begins to dance, play, and make grimaces like an ape; then rages like a lion; and lastly lays down in a ditch like a hog. If any *other* medicine produced such effects as these, how long would it keep its character as a first-rate medicine?

In regard to doctors prescribing it in sickness, an eminent physician truly says, "What if some other great cause of mortality—say of consumption—were at work, slaying forty thousand victims every year, would the physician be indifferent about it? would he hand it about, partake of it himself, give it to his children, laugh at those who are trying to sweep it away—or tell the afflicted that it is a necessity? I am sure he would scorn to do any such thing."

The London Temperance Hospital during six years of its operation, had about eight thousand patients under its care. Alcohol has been excluded in the treatment of all these cases, except one, and with the very best possible result; and singularly enough, in the one case where it was thought best to employ alcohol, the result was very unsatisfactory.

People can get along without alcoholic medicines better than they think, if they will only try. One of the most distinguished ladies in Canada tells us how it has been in her case. She says that at a large din-

ner party they began to talk about total abstinence. One of the guests declared that it was *impossible* to do without wine—that health and strength could not be kept up without it—used, of course, in great moderation. This lady up to that time, had been in the habit of using wine. She told them all that she quite disagreed with them, and declared that from that time she would use it no more, and see what the result would be. “Since then,” she says, “thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. My life is a very busy one. I have sometimes for weeks together days of constant occupation, and sitting up a great deal at night. I have tested the possibility of doing without stimulants to the fullest extent, in long anxious hours over sick beds, in sudden disaster, in long watching and journeys, where food was uninviting, and in much fatigue. In health I can do my life’s work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; my health is far better than that of many of my friends who ‘take a glass of wine or a little beer, just to give them a little strength;’ *and in sickness I have invariably and positively refused to touch it.*”

A doctor says, “I once had a poor man, a patient, laboring under a severe attack of small-pox. On the sixteenth day after the attack, he was one black mass,

and the smell from him was simply unbearable, without the handkerchief well applied to the nose. I suggested to him that he should have some brandy, or porter, or ale. He muttered out something which I thought was, "I 'ont," so I left him. The following day I repeated my orders. He said distinctly,

"*I 'ont, I'll die first.*" What this meant was a mystery to me, until I learned from his landlady, that he had been a great drunkard, but had happily been reformed, not only from drinking, but had become a converted man. I directly made my way over to a good old farmer, whom I knew had been an abstainer for the last sixty years, and who used to ride about on his pony, smart as a boy, and I told him the tale. He gave orders for the poor man to have all the new milk and eggs he wanted, and I am proud to say, I *never saw a more rapid recovery from such a state.*





CHAPTER X.

OUR GLORIOUS RIGHTS.

WHEN anything is done to stop the selling and drinking of intoxicating liquors, there are always those ready to make a mighty fuss about tyranny, and interfering with the liberties and freedom of the people.

An Irishman, who had landed in Canada in the depth of winter, was going along when a big dog attacked him. Pat stooped down to pick up a stone to throw at him. The stone was frozen fast to the ground. "Sure, an isn't this a queer free country," says Pat, "where dogs are let loose, and the stones tied."

That is about the way with some; they would be quite satisfied to let slip the dogs of intemperance, and tie up all hands that would interfere, and call this freedom.

A miserable drunkard was once seen with the big half of him sunk down inside a barrel, his arms and legs hanging over the outside. Right in front was a tavern with a sign in large letters, "Good whisky punch inside." He held up in one hand a whisky bottle, and in the other his old battered hat, while he shouted, "*Hurrah, for our glorious rights and privileges!*"

In the days of slavery in the Southern States, a traveller, spending some time in Virginia, says, "It was in Norfolk I first saw a woman sold. Passing through the market, I saw a crowd surrounding a middle-aged colored woman. Yes, there she stood, a woman, one of God's creatures, a wife and mother, with arms folded, and the tears silently rolling down her cheeks, as she quietly and meekly turned at the bidding of the *gentlemen* (?) who surrounded her, to show her arms, her shape, her breast, her teeth, till the sale was accomplished.

"The auctioneer called out 'two hundred and thirty dollars, two-thirty, thirty, thirty, going; two-thirty, going, going—gone.' Yes, transferred from one owner to another, body, mind, and soul, for two hundred and thirty dollars.

"I turned to my companion and said, 'That's the



most damnable sight ever seen in a Christian country. I was told *I must not say that*, and I was hurried off from the place as quickly as possible." There is little doubt that if those freedom-loving Southerners had heard those words they would very soon have shown that traveller their great love of *liberty and free speech*, by sending a few bullets at his head.

Liquor-sellers and those who uphold them talk about liberty. Liberty to do what? Liberty to flood the whole land with all manner of miseries, crimes, and desolations. They might as well talk of the injustice and tyranny of caging up within strong bars, a Bengal tiger from the jungles of India. All the tigers in India don't begin to destroy as many men, women, and children annually, as the drinks *they* are selling out.

A Scotch nobleman had an idiot son; he was a man of monstrous size and strength, and vicious as a hyena. They had to keep him night and day shut up in a room by himself, the walls and doors of which were unusually strong. One day the nobleman and all his family went out for a while, leaving no one in the castle but a boy, who was set to watch a leg of mutton roasting on a spit by the fireside. The idiot finding everything in the house unusually quiet,

and by some means managing to get the door of his room opened, sallied out through the rooms of the building. He wandered from place to place, until he came to where the boy was sitting, by the roast. He instantly snatched the mutton from the spit, and seizing the boy, put him on, in its place. There he stood, roasting the boy and eating off his flesh in great mouthfuls, until he had him half devoured, when the family returned home. There is not a particle more mercy in the liquor traffic than in that idiot, and the most unjust, and tyrannical, and cruel thing that could be done, would be to give it free scope to do as it pleases.





CHAPTER XI.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

“**W**OOK,” says the liquor-dealers, at the *immense* revenue our trade yields every year. Why, what in the world would you do if it was not for all the money we send into the national treasury?”

The tremendous noise they make about this revenue affair reminds one of a young men's debating society, where they were discussing the question, “Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?” After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator arose and asked the privilege of “making a few remarks.” Permission having been granted him, he said :

“ Mr. President, I've been almost mad a-listening to the debate of these 'ere youngsters. They don't

know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed all the while—wait till they've been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shone, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they come too soon to dinner, because they were one minute too late, because they tore their trousers, because they invited a neighbor woman to call again, or because they did anything else—no matter whether they couldn't help it or not—before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers, and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding wife; yes, sir-ee, I would."

It is about as edifying to hear the din, din, din, of the liquor-dealers about how much revenue the country gets out of their business.

Above all this selfish outcry about the revenue, there are other voices of reason and righteousness that

ought to be heard. A pioneer in California, says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra-Navada County, there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. The fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with orations and poems, and a boisterous brass band. While the band was playing, an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their wives and children far away; and their hearts were thrilled with home-sickness as they heard the baby cry. The music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out that infantile interruption; when a miner, the tears rolling down his sun-burnt face, got up and shook his fist, saying:

"Stop that infernal band, and give the baby a chance!" Even if the revenue from licensing the making and selling of drink were a great deal more than it is, the *awful wail* of mothers and children, suffering untold miseries through this traffic, ought to be heard above all the loud boasts of the liquor dealers.

What if a deal of money is made by this business,

it is the price of blood. It is made by giving people what cannot possibly do them any good, and which takes from them in return all that makes life worth living for, and condemns them to eternal misery in the world to come. *That* is an awfully dear bargain. What if millions of money, every year, pour into the national treasury from this source. Think of where this money comes from. A large part of it comes from the wretched army of drunkards, and those whose moderate drinking is fast turning them into drunkards. To tolerate a thing that is the cause of the most of all the beggary, misery, crime, in the country, to allow it to run its deadly course on condition it hands over so much yearly of its ill-gotten gains, is no credit to any nation.

If a government were to make a bargain with bands of robbers, that they might plunder and murder the people as much as they liked, if they only paid into the treasury a certain share of what they made every year out of their villanies, would it be a cause of boasting that the robbers were the best supporters of the nation's funds? All the harm the brigands of Italy and Greece do, is a small affair, compared with the mischief the liquor traffic is working. Instead of bragging we ought to hang

our heads in shame, that our so-called Christian nation derives the biggest part of its annual revenue from the toleration of one of the most wicked and injurious trades that ever existed.

A certain Finance Minister of our Dominion said, at a Temperance Meeting, some years ago: "I have stated that the loss in the actual consumption of liquor to our country every year is not less than *sixteen millions of dollars*. But we all know—painfully know—that the indirect cost in its evil influence on society is *infinitely greater*. I would gladly see the whole of the sixteen millions thrown into the St. Francis river, if I could be sure we had in doing so, wiped out the dreadful evils that arise from 'these' drinks. I have had a good deal to do with the question of revenue and the raising of taxation, and I am quite prepared to establish before this audience, that the Finance Minister who, by prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquor should save this direct and indirect cost, would *have no difficulty, whatever*, in raising all the amount now derived from the liquor trade." Who can doubt it? It would be just the greatest saving to the country imaginable, and instead of losing revenue, there is no better way in the world of largely increasing the wealth of the country and

reducing its taxation than by getting a complete riddance of this most costly nuisance—the liquor traffic.





CHATER XII.

A FIG FOR YOUR LAWS.

BUT, says the liquor-seller, you cannot enforce prohibitory laws, even were they enacted, and you may as well let that alone. We are too strong for you.

There is no doubt the liquor traffic *is strong*, and quite as reckless and unprincipled as it is strong.

A gentleman, who was travelling in a railway carriage, was endeavoring with great earnestness to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite him, and who appeared rather dull of apprehension. At length, getting somewhat irritated, he exclaimed in a louder tone, "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C." "That may be," replied the other, "but I am D. E. F." It is very little matter what argument you advance, the liquor-dealers

and those on their side are often intentionally D. E. F. They can wheel about, too, from one side of an argument to another, with wonderful dexterity, when it suits them. A gentleman was visiting Ireland, and one day he was accosted by a beggar :

" Oh, yer good-looking honor, have pity on a poor creature! Ah, bless your handsome good-looking face."

" No, I won't give you a farthing for your flattery," he replied. Immediately another woman said—

" Oh, Judy, ye hear what the jintleman says to ye—go away. That's all ye'll get for yer blarney, butthering people over that way. Sure, his honor knows he's as ugly a piece of furniture as I have seen for many a day. Now, yer honor, *give me a penny for my honesty.*"

The old cry was there's no harm in the drinking customs, and now when prohibition is strongly threatened, the liquor-dealers say no doubt so much drinking is very bad; we are very anxious to help to put down the ugly business, and now let us have our licenses and you will see how we will help you. How much are such pretensions worth? Not a straw.

It is no wonder it is so hard to get or enforce, not only prohibition, but even the license laws, in regard to

the trade in liquor. When the liquor-dealer who has broken the law is brought up for trial, what ingenious twisting there often is among the witnesses to get him clear.

A trial was once going on in a court between a Mr. Jones and a Mr. Smith. Jones had loaned Smith a horse which had died while in Smith's possession. Jones brought a suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to Smith's bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness was called up to testify as to how Mr. Smith used to treat horses. The lawyer, with a pleasant smile, said—

“Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?”

Brown, with a merry twinkle in his eye, replied, “Astride, I believe, sir.”

The lawyer with a slight flush of vexation on his cheek asked again, “But sir, what gait does he ride?”

“He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates.”

The lawyer with his pleasant smile all gone, and with a somewhat husky voice asked, “But how does he ride when in company with others?”

“He keeps up if his horse is able, if not he goes behind.”

The lawyer with a triumphant air and in a perfect fury put the question, "How does he ride when alone?"

"Don't know, never was with him when he was alone."

"I have done with you, sir," gasped out the lawyer.

The examination of witnesses on the trials of liquor-dealers is often just about as satisfactory as that.

Plenty of rowdyism, too, is a favorite weapon to prevent prohibitory measures from being either passed, or afterwards carried into effect.

A prominent temperance lecturer gives a sample of this sort of thing. At one of his meetings he says, "Simple disturbance did not suit the movers in this opposition to our efforts, they soon proceeded to active violence. A rush was made for the platform, which was resisted. Again, they tried it, and they came pouring up like besiegers to a fort. Our friends stood on the defensive, and one or two, losing their patience, met the attack with physical force. One seized the water pitcher on the table and broke it over the head of one of the assailants. I had placed my hat on my head (it was a new one) just as another of our friends raised a chair, and as he threw it back to give force to the blow, it came heavily

against my hat, crushing it in. I had spoken some weeks before to the seamen, and several of them were there that night. One man in his blue shirt, said to me, 'We'll help you—they shan't hurt you;' and several of the good fellows struck out right and left. One of the riotors came rushing towards me, and striking the table it gave way, and down he went, table and all. A seaman caught him up by the collar of his coat, and *somewhere else*, and threw him out into the audience. He looked very much like what the Irishman called 'a straddle-bug.' My wife, who was in the gallery, when she saw the man going out into the crowd, sprawling in the air like a frog, thought it was me; but her fears were allayed by seeing me still standing on the platform, with a 'shocking bad hat' on."





CHAPTER XIII.

YOU CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT US.

THE liquor-sellers make a great ado about their usefulness in accommodating the travelling public, in fact that the public cannot do without them and their places of entertainment. This reminds us of the Irishman's dinner. Pat had been listening to a very savory description of a grand dinner, consisting of plenty of roast beef and fine smiling potatoes. "Sure," says Pat, "an' isn't that what meself had for dinner, *barrin' the beef.*" This talk about accommodation for the public might do very well, but for one little objection, and that is, that in very many such places *there is little or no accommodation* at all for the travelling public.

What accommodation for travellers is there in thousands of saloons in cities and towns? They are

mere grog holes, with plenty of horribly adulterated liquor behind the bar," and a bench or two for their wretched victims to sit on. These grogeries *do*, indeed supply a certain questionable kind of accommodation which could be well dispensed with. A gentleman travelling through England, visited one of the old style churches. He says, "We noticed a row of hard-looking benches—reminding me of the seats in old-fashioned New England school-houses. I asked, 'What are these benches for?'

" 'Please, sir, they are for the school children, sir.'

" 'And what do the school children do on these benches?'

" 'Please, sir, they gets the colic, sir.'

" 'The colic! What do they get the colic for?'

" 'Please, sir, they are obliged to, every Sunday morning, sir.'

" 'Well, well, I never heard of such a thing; obliged to get the colic every Sunday morning?'

" 'Yes, sir, all of them is obliged to get it.' I must confess that for a moment or two I had a vision of a set of wretched children, on hard benches, in a high state of bodily distress. When one of the party, laughing heartily, said, 'She means they are obliged to learn the *collect* for the day every Sunday morning.' The

collect is a beautiful part of the Church of England Service in the Prayer-book.

There is no doubt that liquor saloons are the devil's churches, where he finds them accommodation for learning *his collects* too, swearing, filthy language, and every other bad thing.

Hotels and taverns that do make provision to accommodate travellers, would be far better *without* their liquor bars than with them. As it is, these places are the centres of nearly all the rows and rowdyism that go on all over the country. You can hardly take up a newspaper, but you will see an account of some dreadful crime committed, and it is almost sure to be connected in some way with drinking in taverns.

There is no need at all, that all public-houses should be liquor shops as well.

The liquor-seller likes to call himself a licensed *victualler*. Whisky is very poor "victuals," but milk would be "victuals" indeed. Why not have *milk taverns*? Milk is one of the most nourishing articles of food in use. It is a very popular beverage among women and children, and there are few men but like it. Neither tea nor coffee serve the purposes of refreshment so effectually as milk. It is cheaper, too,

than any other fluid of so nourishing a character. In disease it is admitted to be a capital thing as a restorative, and one that can safely be employed very extensively. If milk taverns or saloons were opened by enterprising men, in good situations and in handsome, commodious, and tidily-kept houses, and one half the pains taken to make them attractive, as the ordinary liquor-sellers take with many of their whisky shops, a man might do a splendid business, especially, if bread and cheese were added, and the prices charged were moderate.

If we had some such public houses, or at any rate free from liquor-selling and drinking, it would redeem the character of such places from the deep disgrace that justly belongs to them now. It would make them vastly more comfortable and pleasant places to stop at; and the liquor-seller himself might become what he cannot be now, a respectable, useful, and Christian man, honored and trusted in the world, and in the Church of God.



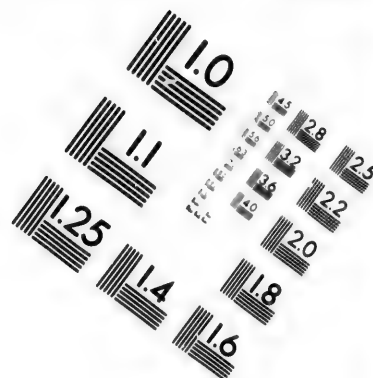


CHAPTER XIV.

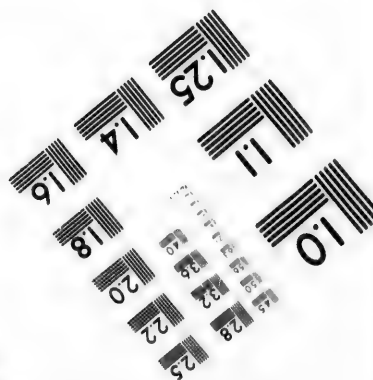
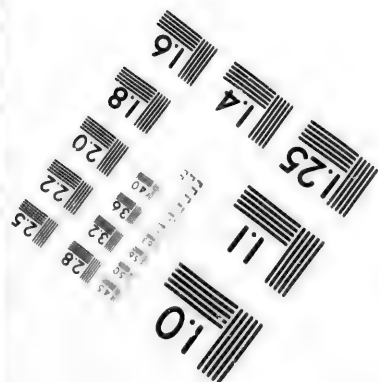
WHAT FOLLY !

HIS whole business, of making, selling, and drinking intoxicating liquors, is just about the greatest folly that ever was in the world.

A wealthy gentleman once visited a lunatic asylum, where the superintendent physician employed mostly water-treatment in endeavoring to cure his patients. The patients were forced to stand in tubs of cold water, those slightly affected up to the knees, others whose cases were worse, up to the middle ; while those who were very bad, he immersed up to the neck. The gentleman got into conversation with one of the lunatics, who seemed to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors. " I have

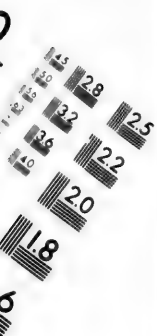


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horses and greyhounds for hunting," said he, in reply to the other's question—

"Oh, are they very expensive?"

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes, I have a pack of hounds."

"And do they cost much?"

"A great deal; and I have birds for hawking."

"I see, birds for catching other birds; and these swell up the expenses, I dare say?"

"You may say that, for they are not common in the country. And then I sometimes go out with my gun, accompanied with a setter and a retriever, dogs who start and recover the game."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all it is not the animals themselves that run away with the money; there must be men, you know, to look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see, you have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous expense they must cost you! Now, what I want to know is this; what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him, "my friend, there is a gate behind you, take my advice, and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose, but as sure as you are a living man *he will drown you.*"

The most costly thing we have got in this country is the liquor traffic. The drink bill can only be reckoned by millions. Thousands are wasting their life's energies in making and selling it. The prisons, poor-houses, and asylums are filled with people, sent there chiefly by drink. The judges, juries, courts, and police are kept busy dealing with criminals, most of whom are made such by rum. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are cut off yearly, long before the time. Whatever stagnation there is in other trades, the whisky trade is always brisk. No matter how scarce and dear food is, there is always plenty of grain for the distillery and brewery, to say nothing of the dreadful effects on the moral and religious life of the people, blasting all good out of their souls, and sending them in multitudes down into hell. And what good

return or compensation do we get for all this? *None at all. Was there ever greater folly than this?*





CHAPTER XV.

NO COMPROMISES.

AT will be no easy matter to effectually uproot the liquor-traffic. The wife of a Scotch minister one day was walking along the streets of Edinburgh; she was a very stout lady, weighing over two hundred pounds. She unfortunately missed her footing and fell heavily on the pavement. A slim young fellow, who had some acquaintance with the lady, and who had witnessed the accident, ran up to her and said—

“Oh, Mrs. S——, I am so sorry; allow me to lift you up?”

“I will be veery glad for my part,” she replied; “but hae ye ony notion o’ what ye hae taken in hand?”

The thing has been going on so long, and growing like a great giant, that it will take many desperate battles to conquer it.

It is of no use to try to compromise matters between temperance and intemperance. You cannot unite them, nor will they work together. Any attempt of this kind is like a wedding that once took place in Minnesota. The Justice of the Peace, in a certain small town in Minnesota, who was also empowered to perform the ceremony of marriage, one morning, after tidying up his little law office, heard a step coming, and then a smart knock at the door. Opening it a large-sized determined-looking woman entered. With a Portuguese accent, and in the worst possible English, she said—

“ You law man ? ” “ Yes, madam; be seated,” he replied.

“ Want paper to take man,” she said. Just then a French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak half-a-dozen words of English, and looked either scared or bashful. The Justice believed at once that there was a marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching him closely.

“ You want paper to take this man ? ”

“ Yes,” said she, “ want paper. Me teach him (nice woman thought the Justice). “ Me take him so quick as can.”

"All right," said the Justice, "I'll fix you up in a hurry."

"You know this woman ; can you take her ?"

The man shook his head and muttered some unintelligible words.

"Oh, I see," said the Justice ; "can't talk English. Well, never mind." He ran into the street and invited a few friends in, and on returning with them, said to the woman—

"You want to take this man for better or for worse ?"

"Yes, me want to take him. Me pay."

"All right." Then turning to the man, who stood trembling—

"You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her," &c.

Umph, and several nods of the head. Then in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority vested in me, I pronounce you man and wife. And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word and kissed her. Slap came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, to protect her as the Justice supposed, when in self-defence he hit him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the

new husband, who in turn pitched into her ; for about five minutes there was a general hustling. At last the parties were separated, when the man and the woman took anothe. turn at each other, and the blood flew in all directions. Down went the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like a madman went the Justice, with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt like a deed covered with red seals. The newly-married couple were separated, when through the aid of two interpreters, it was discovered that the parties were neighbors, who had got into a quarrel over a stove-pipe the night before ; each had claimed it, and from words they had come to blows. In the morning each had hurried to the Justice's office for a warrant for the other, and the result had been that our Justice had buckled them together as man and wife.

It is just as absurd a blunder to attempt uniting together temperance and intemperance in the line of compromise, whether people attempt it with their eyes open, or as the Justice did, thinking it is all right. There is nothing for it but to take an out and out stand on the total abstinence and prohibition side, and declare vigorous war against the entire drinking customs of society. And the earlier in life we begin to do this the better.

It is a good thing for young folks to learn to despise all conceited fancies about its being *manly* for boys to smoke cigars and drink liquor.

If those who strut and swagger about, full of these ideas, only knew how ridiculous and contemptible they appear in the eyes of others, it would take them down wonderfully.

It would be a good deal as it was with a young swell in one of our large cities. He had come out from London, England, and he was proceeding along the principal street of the city with a measured, consequential stride, such as the gentleman of high degree likes to show off with. Every now and then he cast sly glances behind him to observe the effect which his appearance was producing on the pretty young ladies whom he passed. And peeping around on one occasion, he observed a couple of young ladies fairly convulsed with laughter, which, however, they were trying their best to suppress. For the life of him the swell could not imagine the reason of this merriment; but he quickly understood it all, when a friend gently tapped him on the shoulder, and told him that every time the wind separated his coat tails, it reminded him very forcibly of what had happened on one occasion to the *old bottles when the new wine was put into*

them! With his hands closely clasped behind him, the gallant swell darted into the nearest opening, breathlessly exclaiming that he would give his kingdom—not for a horse—but for a stout needle and thread.

The *least* meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that; on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him.

“I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?”

“No, I thank you.” “Do, take half-a-dozen.” “I have nowhere to put them.”

“You can put half-a-dozen in your cap.” I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said—

“Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!”

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it, without being found out, indeed all *secret sins* sooner or later come to light. Those who think they can take a little on the sly and escape detection, are not likely to practice that sort of thing long, without being discovered and disgraced.

The president of a college once had reason to suspect that some of the college boys had planned to rob his hen-roost. Near the hennery were two large apple trees, so he went quietly out at night and waited near the trees. And after a while two of the boys came, one went up a tree while the other remained below. When they commenced operations, the doctor made a slight noise, and the one below took to his heels. The one in the tree asked in a whisper—

"What's the matter?"

To which the doctor replied, also in a whisper, "All's right."

"Here, catch hold," said the upper one, handing down a rooster.

"Here's old Prex."

And handing down a hen, "Here's Mrs. Prex."

"And here, handing down a chicken, "Here's Miss Prex; I guess that 'll do."

The doctor quietly got over the fence with the fowls and went to his house. The poor robber of the hen-roost descended to find his companion gone. The next day the two young gentlemen received a polite invitation to dine with the president—an honor they could not very well decline. When they sat down at the table, they saw three roasted fowls, and we can imagine their sensations when the doctor said, "Now, young gentlemen, *will you have a piece of old Prex, Mrs. Prex, or Miss Prex?*"





CHAPTER XVI.

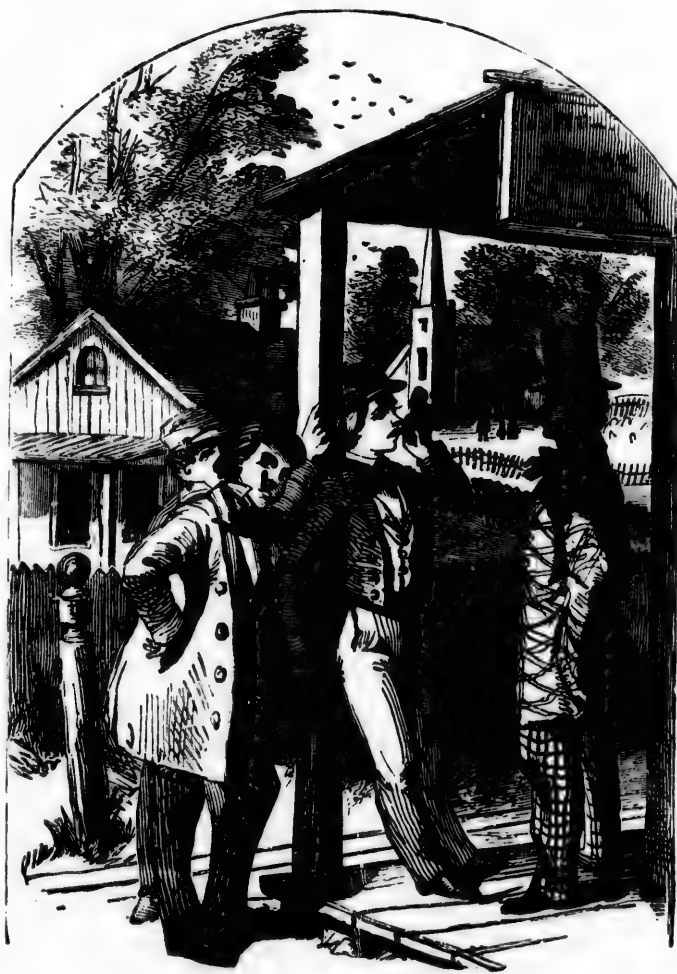
ITS DEADLY GRIP.

IT is very easy to learn to drink, but the habit once formed, takes hold with such a deadly grip, that it is the hardest thing in the world to shake it off.

A little boy was once attacked by a big goose. The goose knocked him down, and stood hissing over him. The boy's father came down and wrung the goose's neck. The next day, the father looked out of the window and saw the little fellow take up one gosling after another and wring its neck. The father ran down in a great passion, and cried out, "How dare you go and kill the goslings that way?" The little fellow looked up in surprise and said, "*Dey be big geeses by'mby.*" If a boy or girl takes a little sip of wine or beer once in a while, it looks like a very small

matter, but that little sip is followed by bigger ones, then there is a liking for it, and so on, till it ends in all the horrors of drunkenness.

In certain parts of India, the natives have a very clever way of catching the tiger. In that part of the country they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime. As soon as they have discovered the tiger's den they take several hundred of the large tropical leaves, that are plentiful there, and cover them on both sides with the bird-lime, and then spread them about, a short distance from the den. The hunters then retire to a safe distance and await the coming of the tiger. By-and-by, he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime leaves are strewn. Presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. He gives it a vigorous shake, but the clammy thing won't go, and he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and he succeeds in smearing his eye. By this time he has a leaf on each paw, like a slipper, and probably several sticking to his tail. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body all covered over with them. He roars dreadfully, and the hunters know that now is their chance, they rush in and despatch him with a shower of bullets.



Boys and girls, *never*, NEVER taste intoxicating liquor; then, *and only then* are you safe from its treacherous and fatal power.

If you have ever learned to take a little, *ever so little*, have courage *to give it up now*, and have done with it forevermore. It may cost you an effort, but it is well worth your while to try.

A few years ago, a boy, who was left without father or mother, went to New York, alone and friendless, to seek a situation as an errand boy, until he could get some better position. This boy had been in bad company and had got into the habit of using liquor and cheap cigars. On looking over a newspaper, he noticed that a merchant in the city wanted a lad, he called on him and offered himself for the situation.

"Walk into my office," said the merchant. The boy took off his hat and sat down; but the gentleman observed a cigar in his hat.

"My boy," said he, "I want an honest and faithful lad, but I see you smoke cigars; and in my experience I have found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, you are not an exception to the rule. You will not suit me."

John hung down his head, and left the store, and as he walked the street, a stranger and friendless, the

counsel of his mother came forcibly to his mind, who upon her death-bed, had called him to her side, and placing her hand upon his head, said to him, "Johnny, I am going to leave you. You well know what misery your father brought upon us, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never touch one drop of the poison that killed your father." The tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house. But Johnny had moral courage, and before an hour had passed, he made up his mind *never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar.* He went back to the merchant, and said—

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but I have neither father nor mother, and although I have done what I ought not to do, I have now made a solemn promise never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and if you will please try me, it is all I will ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy displayed by the boy, and at once employed him. That boy was a hero. There is little fear of a boy who, with the blessing of God, makes and keeps such noble resolutions.

Admiral Farragut, the great United States naval commander, said to a minister with whom he was talking one day :

“ Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country ? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy we then had. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me—

“ ‘ David, what do you mean to be ? ’

“ ‘ I mean to follow the sea, ’ I replied.

“ ‘ Follow the sea ! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime. ’

“ ‘ No, ’ I said, ‘ I’ll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do. ’

“ ‘ No, David ; no boy ever trod the quarter deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as

you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate is it? I'll change my life, and *change it at once*. I will never utter another oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, I will never gamble again.' And as God is my witness, I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal, as it settled my eternal destiny."

There are none in the world that suffer more from intemperance than many boys and girls; and there are none who can do more to put a stop to this dreadful curse, if they will, *than they*.

A man who had once been a terrible drunkard was relating some of the early scenes of his life to a gentleman, as he was driving him to a temperance meeting. "If you had seen me eight years ago," he said, "you'd have thought I was a hard enough case. Everything I possessed in the world was carted out in a one-horse cart; wife, children, furniture—

what there was of it—and all. A man lent me the horse—and *such a horse*—you couldn't see his head more than half the time. I knew he had a head 'cause when I'd pull the rein, he'd kind of come round—and so slow; why, the only effect of leathering him was to make him go sideways, but not a bit faster. *Now*, I am driving you to my native town with a span of horses; they're *mine*—I own this team. That off horse is a good traveller, (get up there, g'lang)," and we spun along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Slacking his speed, he turned round and said—

"Do I look like a brute?"

"No, certainly not," the other replied.

"Well, everybody said I was a brute, but I am not a brute. And yet—well, I will tell you. I came home one day, irritated with liquor, ready to vent my anger on anything. My boy, about ten years old, came to the door, and as soon as he saw me he darted off."

"“Dick, come here, come here!” I said. When he came, his face was bloody and bruised, his lip cut, and one eye swollen.

"I asked, ‘What have you been doing, Dick?’

"“I’ve been fighting,’ he answered.

"“What have you been fighting for?’

"He said, 'don't ask me, father, I don't want to tell you!'

" 'Tell me this instant, what you have been fighting for.' 'I don't want to.'

Full of rage I caught him by the collar of his little jacket, and roared out—

" 'Now tell me what you have been fighting for, or I will cut the life out of you.'

" 'Oh, father!' he cried out piteously, 'don't beat me, father, don't beat me, I struck him with my fist on the side of his head,'—

" 'Now tell me what you've been fighting for.'

" Wiping the blood and tears from his poor swelled face with the back of his hand, he said, 'There was a boy out there told me my father was a poor old drunkard, and I licked him; and if he tells me that again, I'll lick him again.'

" Oh, sir, what could I say? My boy, ten years of age, fighting for his father's reputation. I tell you it had like to kill me. But, oh, oh, the drink! the cursed drink—my love for that was stronger than my love for my child."



CHAPTER XVII.

SUPPLIES CUT OFF.

WHY should a thing that does so much mischief as intoxicating drink *be made at all*? Is it not a great sin to permit men to make it by the thousand barrels, and allow others to sell it and tempt people to drink it all over the land?

If some man with a great deal of money, were to start a large establishment for manufacturing *poisoned bread*, that nobody could eat without being made sick, and that would be sure to kill hundreds every week, would it be right to give such a man *permission by law*, to go on making as much bread of that sort as he liked, if he only paid in to the Government a large sum of money, every year, for the privilege? Would not every man, woman, and child,

cry, "Shame on such conduct!" No matter how many foolish people there might be who were fond of the poisoned bread, would there not be a stern demand that such a murderous establishment be *put down by law*. Now, such a manufactory as that would be no worse, nor even as bad, as the distilleries and breweries that are sending out floods of poison, that is killing tens of thousands *both body and soul*.

Should not such manufactories be stopped by law? *Yes, every one of them.*

There was once a superintendent physician in a lunatic asylum, who had a plan of his own of testing his patients who were recovering, to find out whether they were fit to be discharged from the asylum. He had a good-sized water trough supplied with water through a pipe from above, with a stop-cock by which the water could be turned off or on, as was desired.

He brought his patients out to this trough, and asked them, one after another, to empty the water out of the trough. Some of them would seize a pail and begin to bail out the water, not paying any attention to the fact that all the time they were bailing out the water with the pail, it was coming in through the

pipe above, about as fast as they were throwing it out. These patients he sent back to the asylum, as far from being cured. Others would at once notice the pipe, and would go the very first thing and turn off the supply of water coming in, then they would very soon have the trough empty. *These* he considered fit to leave the establishment. Now, *that* is about the way it is with this liquor traffic. As long as the distilleries and breweries are *allowed by law*, to send out liquor in streams into the community, it seems almost like foolishness for temperance people to try to do away with the evils of intemperance. If a few drunkards are reformed, the taverns and saloons are always making plenty more to take their place, and thus the great army of inebriates is kept full, and the horrible iniquity goes on. Let the stream of alcoholic liquors *be cut off* at its source; let the manufacture of these liquors be branded by law, as it ought to be, as an infamous nuisance; and if men dare to make or sell any more, let them be put in prison, like other criminals, and there will be some chance to empty society of this overflowing curse. *Boys and girls, what say you to that?* When you grow up, will you not, in the name of the Lord, determine as far as you can help, *that this shall be done?*

Wherever this plan, of prohibiting by law the making and selling of liquor, has been tried, or has had the ghost of a chance to work, it has done an immense good. Wherever it has been tried, too, it has met with every sort of opposition from the liquor traders, whose favorite plan is first to do everything they can to prevent the prohibitory law from working, and then turn round and say, *the law itself is no good—it won't work, nor never will*. That is just the same as if all the thieves in the country were to say, what is the good of all your laws against robbery? You are not going to extinguish *our* business. There are plenty of thieves in spite of all your laws, and there always will be. You may as well repeal your laws. But we are not going, for all that, to repeal our laws against stealing, and *we are* going, we hope very soon, to make rigorous laws against the biggest thief of all—the liquor traffic.

In a certain town in New Jersey, containing ten thousand inhabitants, no liquor is allowed to be sold. Compare the record of that town with that of another in New England, with a population of five hundred less, in a single year.

In the New Jersey town there was one indictment for a trifling case of assault, one house was

burned ; the cost of the police seventy-five dollars ; for the relief of the poor almost nothing at all. In the New England town there were forty liquor shops ; there was a judge, city marshal, four night-watchmen, and six policemen, all kept busy. It cost three thousand dollars for a fire department, and for the support of the poor, *two thousand dollars*. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, ought to make up their mind that the liquor traffic must be stopped. It is certainly the most frightful danger that our country is threatened with. It threatens our *destruction*.

It is said there is a marvellously large subterranean cavern in France, where an immense lake stretches out for unknown lengths. King Francis the First, when he was a reckless, adventurous youth, determined to explore this cavern. Floating on a barge, brilliantly illuminated and attended by some of his bravest courtiers, the gallant Francis boldly struck out, a very Columbus of the caverned deep. He landed on the opposite shore, after sailing two miles over this sheet of water. He then turned his barge in another direction, resolved to fathom all the mysteries of the lake. By-and-by, an experienced boatman declared that the boat was no longer on a

stagnant lake; but in a current that was perceptibly increasing in strength, and one of the courtiers called the attention of the monarch to a hollow noise, heard in the distance, which, like the current, was every moment growing stronger, and even swelling in horrific thunder. They rested on their oars while a plank, with several flaming torches tied to it, was committed to the water. It floated rapidly away became agitated, tossed up and down in the distance, and finally plunged down the unknown cataract to which the explorers were so ignorantly hastening.

"Back oars," was the cry, and rowing for their lives, they escaped.

That was a frightful hazard—that is the hazard of our country to-day, through this awful liquor-traffic; its tendency is to hurry us to certain destruction. It is high time to shout, "back oars," and escape, through God's help, by the total overthrow of the liquor trade.

This is indeed about the only correct view of the matter—one of two ruins—either the ruin of the liquor business, or the ruin in the end of most of that which makes our country happy, good, and prosperous.

They were putting up the frame-work of a very large grist mill, in a certain place, and when it came

to raise one of the big bents to its proper position, the foreman of the squad of men at work, found himself short of hands sufficient to hoist it to the top. As he shouted "yaw, he," every man strained every nerve to the utmost, but it would not go. There was not strength enough to lift it to its place. There it hung, half way up, and not a foot further could all their efforts raise it. It was a terrible moment. The foreman, in despair, despatched a messenger to tell the wives and daughters of the men, of the perilous situation they were in. The women rushed to the spot and stood in to the work, each grasping a lifting pole.

The foreman shouted, "*yaw, he, lift or die.*"

Every man and woman lifted with the energy of despair, and the great bent swung up into its place.

It is "lift or die," too, with us, in regard to this evil of intemperance, and it will require all that every good and true man, woman, and child can do, with God's merciful help, to accomplish our deliverance. This is no dream of imagination. Some of the greatest nations of ancient times were overthrown through drink. It was in the midst of a great drunken debauch that mighty Babylon fell. While the Persians kept to water-drinking, they were all

powerful ; but they became tremendous wine-drinkers, and they, too, went down. Alexander the Great, after a career of conquest, the most wonderful ever seen in the world, was himself slain by wine while still he was a young man, and all his vast conquests scattered to the four winds. No nation could stand before the Romans, while they preserved their simple temperate habits ; but they became rich, luxurious, and drunken, and they too fell to rise no more. Intemperance is quite capable of overthrowing the mightiest empires of either ancient or modern times, so *let ours beware.*





CHAPTER XVIII.

ON WITH THE ARMOUR !



HE most powerful help in fighting the giant of intemperance has always come from good Christians—Christian ministers, and pious men and women of the Church of God. It is true, at the same time, that the churches have never yet done as much for this cause as they might, and as, we trust in God, they will in the future. It is a very good proof of a real revival of religion among a people, when they immediately go to work to give more money, and work harder for the temperance cause and other good causes.

A colored preacher was once holding revival services among his people. One evening he said to them : " Breddern, we'se had a berry 'freshin' time in dis church. It look like de good Lord was here fur shure.

But I can't say for sartin' till I see w'at comes of it all. You'se been shoutin' loud 'nuff for the Lord to heah ef He'd been off on a vacation, 'an you'se been tumblin' roun' dis church floor like you was wrastlin' wid de Debbil. But jest you listen while I talk to de centre of de mark fur a minnit. Dar ain't none of you conwarted unless you're conwarted fur de whole week, as well as fur Sunday nite. Sunday nite 'ligion's well nuff, fur as it goes; but it don't go fur as salvation unless it lops over on Monday mornin.' I kin tell 'bout de strength of dis 'vival when de contribution plate cums back. Lots of men has 'ligion every day else 'cept in dar pocket. Nodder ting I wants to bring to yer notiss. In my goin' round I hab 'bsarved dat while dar's lots of hen roosts in dis yer neighborhood, der's mitey few chick'ns onto em. Now, if by dis time nex year dar's more chick'ns dan dar is now, and if dose chick'ns don't have to roost so high as dey do now, I shall 'clude dat dis present 'vival am a big success. But if I hear de same noises after nitefall dat I heard last nite, jess as tho' some chick'n was in trubble, I shall 'clude dat de 'vival didn't go fur 'nuff."

A Vice-president of the United States, just a short time previous to his death, was making a speech in Washington, in which he said: "Probably, we have

sixty thousand churches in the land, fifty or sixty thousand clergymen, and eight millions of church members. Now all these profess to believe that God has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a higher and better life. They profess to believe that they have consecrated themselves, all they are and all they hope to be, to the cause of the Divine Master. Now we have in the United States hundreds of thousands of poor drunkards. Thousands of the young men of this country are going headlong to ruin. The human mind cannot fathom the evils and the sufferings, the habitual use of intoxicating liquors brings upon its victims. I say to-night, then, that I have little hope of the triumph of the temperance cause, until the ministers and professing Christians rise up in their might to the duties of the occasion. I call upon every Christian minister of the land, and upon every member of the Church of Christ, to come up and aid this work by precept and example."

A great interest is taken by Christians of all denominations in sending the Gospel to the heathen in foreign lands, and it is one of the noblest and grandest things that the Church of God can do ; but should we not feel, at least, *as much interest* in saving the wretched *drunken* heathen, that we have in thousands

at home. Drink has made multitudes of men and women among us as degraded, vicious, and brutal savages, as any to be found in any part of the heathen world. Why should not our most intense sympathies and generous efforts be put forth for those at home, as well as for those abroad ?

A score or more of ladies had organized a Foreign Benevolent Society. They had met at the house of a Mr. Johnson, who was a good-hearted man, and a respectable citizen, but rather sceptical in some things. He was at once appealed to, to give a few dollars to the society, as a foundation to start on. Mrs. Graham, one of the members, said to him—

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar, and its first kind word."

He slowly took out his purse and brought out a ten dollar bill. The ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands. He asked—

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries ?"

"Yes, yes, yes," they chorused.

"And it wants money ?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape.

"There are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll give the ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd; and the rest said, "Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity.

"The rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed, except by members; and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine of business."



CHAPTER XIX.

DON'T BE STINGY.

WE ought, certainly, to give money as liberally to help such a work as the temperance cause as any other good work that is being carried on; but we are afraid with a good many people, that this is not the case.

There are grasping people in the world that grudge giving a dollar to almost any good cause. They seem to think that happiness lies in getting hold of every cent they can, and keeping it with a dreadfully tight grip. They are as likely to find happiness in this way as a Scotchman once was in catching fish. He had been out fishing all day in a loch in Selkirkshire, and had never had a bite. A shepherd had been watching him all the time, and as he was turning to go home in a very desponding mood, the shepherd said—

"Ye'll no hae killed mony trout the day?"

"No; I've had no sport at all—not a nibble."

"I dare say no," replied the shepherd, "for it's weel kent there was never a trout in that loch since the beginning of creation."

A man who seeks happiness in *mere money*, is fishing where there has been no fish since the creation of the world.

"I've been a member of this church for twenty years," said a man in a social meeting, "and it has only cost me twenty-five cents." The minister, who was present, said to him, "The Lord have mercy on your poor stingy soul!"

A man once was noted for his loud "*Amens*" in prayer-meetings. He would shout and respond at a great rate, and sometimes rather disturbed the quieter portion of the worshippers. One evening he was unusually demonstrative. The leader of the meeting requested a brother to try and stop him. In a few moments the exclamations all ceased.

"How did you succeed so quickly?" asked the leader afterwards.

"Oh, I just asked him for a dollar for foreign missions, and that stopped him!"

A temperance lecturer gives us a little of his ex-



perience on one occasion: "At one place I had spoken on three evenings, when the Committee of Management told me they had no funds in the treasury, and did not like to take up a collection, but if I would come again and give them three more lectures, they would pay me. I made the arrangement, and sometime afterwards went again. At the close of the second lecture, a gentleman rose and said—

"I believe the gentleman who has addressed us left this town on the occasion of his last visit with no remuneration for his services. I propose that a collection be now taken for the purpose of paying him.'

"Another gentleman rose and said, 'I dislike collections; but if we must have one, I propose that it be postponed till to-morrow evening, when we will come prepared.' The third evening was very rainy, and the collection was taken up, amounting to one dollar and eighty cents. A gentleman standing near the table when the money was being counted, remarked—

"It is very small; I do not mind making it up out of my own pocket to two dollars,' and as he laid down two ten cent pieces on the table said, with a great deal of emphasis—

“‘For the laborer is worthy of his hire.’

“My expenses had been *five dollars*, and I refused to take two dollars for six days’ work, and I left. The next morning three liquor-sellers sent me a note with *five dollars* enclosed, as *they* thought I had worked hard enough to be paid.”

As a contrast to that, there was a poor woman in England whose name was Harriet Stoneman. She was afflicted for thirty-nine years with a most distressing disease. Her sufferings at times were dreadful. It was just as if her bones were being ground to pieces or burnt up in her body. At first she was the most miserable creature that you could imagine. But after a while she became a Christian and learned to love Jesus. Then she was a *new creature*, indeed. Her religion did not cure her disease or take away her pains, but, oh, it gave her wonderful support and comfort under them! She never murmured nor complained, but always seemed cheerful and happy. She had always some pleasant word to speak of Jesus, and the joy she found in Him. Three shillings a week was all she had for her support, yet out of this small sum she regularly laid by a penny a week for the missionary cause, *for twenty-eight years*.

Money given from right motives to help on any part

of God's work is never lost, but is sure to have good results in the end. Some years ago a gentleman in England died, leaving a widow and two sons. They were quite well off, but the sons turned out wild and dissipated young men, and they soon spent most of the property left them. The mother had a small sum of her own—about twenty pounds. To prevent her sons from spending it she gave it to a Missionary Society, formed for the support of the Gospel in India. The young men were very angry when they found what their mother had done with it. They swore dreadfully and said it might as well have been thrown into the sea.

“That is what I think,” she said, “for God says in His Word, ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.’ This money may do us all more good, by-and-by, than if we should spend it on ourselves now.” When the sons had spent, in their wickedness, all the money they could get, they enlisted in the army and were ordered to India. The regiment to which the eldest son belonged was stationed far up the Ganges. But there was an English Missionary in that neighborhood, and through his influence that son became a Christian. The poor mother, lonely and sad, never expected to see her sons again, but she still

kept on praying for them. One day, just after she had been engaged in prayer, a letter was brought her from India. It was from her elder son. It told the joyful news of his conversion, of his deep sorrow for his past sins, and his earnest desire for his mother's forgiveness. Before she had half read the letter through, it dropped from her trembling hand, and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she exclaimed,

"Oh, my twenty pounds! The Lord be praised for this sure reward." This converted son soon removed to Fort William, near Calcutta. Here he met his younger brother. He induced him to attend the service at the Mission, and before long he, too, became a Christian. By-and-by, the mother received another letter. It was from the younger son. It contained money which she sorely needed in her poverty, and better still, the news that her second son was now a rejoicing Christian. But this was not all. That younger son left the army and became a minister. His old mother heard of it with unspeakable joy. She was now tottering on the borders of the grave, and never expected to see her darling boy again in this world. Little did she think of the joy which was awaiting her before she went home to the better land. Without her knowing it, the youngest son

returned to England. It was the close of a bright day in summer. The sun had just gone down. The old family Bible was opened on the stand. She was just going to read her evening portion. There was a gentle tap at the door. Before she could answer it, it was opened and a genteel-looking man, dressed like a clergyman, rushed in. He threw his strong arms around her and exclaimed—

“My mother! O my mother!” She clung around his neck, and wept her full heart out on his bosom.

It would pay well to give large sums to help the temperance cause. For one dollar that is given to this work, there ought to be twenty. How seldom you ever hear of some rich man or woman dying and leaving a large legacy to help on temperance. They often leave their money to far less worthy objects. We hope some rich man will yet leave a million or two, for this object, before he goes up to heaven; and what would be much better still, we hope rich people, and others as *well, during their lives*, will come out on the generous side in this matter.





CHAPTER XX.

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

ALL that everybody can do to help will be needed, and for a good while to come, to put down intemperance and the liquor traffic. A great many are doing very little to help in this tremendous struggle. A Sunday-school boy was once asked by his teacher, if his father was a Christian.

"Yes," he said, "but he is not *working much* at it."

That is the way with a good many people who call themselves temperance people. They look on while others do the fighting. Like the farmer's team that was well matched. Somebody asked the farmer, if his team was well matched! "Yes," he said, "one does all the pulling, and the *other lets him*."

If some one would sound a loud bugle-call to these

lazy, sleepy soldiers—the way they rouse and gather up soldiers in an army, on the eve of battle, it would be a good thing. There is not much laziness and careless indifference in the great army of liquor-sellers and liquor-drinkers. All is stir, and bustle, and union in *that* wicked camp. It is really a life or death struggle in this battle with drink—like a struggle a diver once had with a devil-fish. He was down in a deep river, clothed in his diver's dress. He thrust his arm into a hole, and immediately found himself caught hold of by something. He soon found he was in the grasp of a devil-fish. These fish have a body with a number of long powerful arms stretching out, which they use in seizing their prey, and woe be to anything if one of those big arms fastens on. It had writhed round his hand like a boa-constrictor. The pain was so great that it seemed to be tearing off his hand. If he had given the signal to be raised to the surface, the whole weight of the immense fish would have clung to him and torn him to pieces. It was a horrible situation. The hammer he used lay out of his reach, and there seemed nothing for him but to be destroyed by the fish. With a desperate effort he got hold of an iron bar, and hacked away until he cut himself loose and rose to the surface, carrying with him a piece of the devil-fish about



THE DIVER IN HIS WATER-PROOF ARMOUR.

eight feet long. Nothing but the most desperate and united effort will ever deliver us from the liquor devil-fish—a far worse devil-fish than the diver had to contend with.

We believe, however, that temperance will yet win the day. Many predict that drinking and the liquor-trade will never be done away with, but they are mistaken. It may go on a good while to come, but there will come deliverance, by-and-by, from this terrible peril, by the good help of God.

A traveller in India tells us of an escape he once had from a fearful peril. He says, "I had slept in my tent one night some four or five hours. When I awoke I found myself lying on my back, and instantly found a cold creeping thing on my chest. I soon discovered, to my unutterable terror, that it was a huge serpent coiling itself up into a circle of twists, and you will own it must have been a pretty big one, when I tell you that the reptile covered the whole of my breast, and even the pit of my stomach. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep, and I felt that, attracted by my breath, it had now approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and the weighty pressure, and the indescribable odor which was exhaled from its

body, and pervaded the whole air, so overwhelmed me, that it was only by a fierce struggling that I prevented myself from shrieking. A cold sweat burst from every pore of my body—I could hear the beating of my heart, and I felt to my dismay that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. It will awake, thought I, and then all is over. Just then, something—it might have been a large beetle—fell from the ceiling right upon my left arm, which lay stretched beside me. The snake uncoiling its head, raised it with a low hiss, and then for the first time, I saw the hood, the fearful crest glittering in the faint light—it was a *cobra di capello*. Shutting my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances met mine, all would have been over. But apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard my Lascar servant moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent and striking a light. A sudden thought struck me, and in an impulse of desperation, I uttered a sepulchral call ‘Lascar.’

“‘Sahib!’” was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still, for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head, as I supposed, fell on my arm.

Oh, the agony of that moment ! I debated with myself whether I should call again or remain perfectly quiet, or whether it would not be better to start up at once and shake the hideous burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned, as I felt sure that it would prove fatal. I was weighed down by the heavy coils of the creature, and was weak and exhausted from terror, and I knew escape in that way was next to impossible.

"Again I called, 'Lascar, a lantern.' Again the cobra moved, and again, thank God, the ready Lascar replied.

" 'Lata houn, Sahib, ' (I am bringing it, sir.) Light advancing flashed in, and at the noise of quick coming feet, lo ! one after another its horrible coils unwound, and the grisly monster glided away from my body. The last sound that struck my sense of hearing was, ' Ya illaki samp, ' (O God, a snake.) I fainted away." That horrible cobra is drink, it lies on the very heart of society, and threatens to destroy its life with its deadly poison. It looks sometimes like as if there was little hope of escape, but we believe God will, in His mercy, send deliverance. May it come soon !

Of one thing we are sure, that things are not so bad as they used to be in former times. One hundred years ago, drunkenness was far more common in so-

called fashionable society, than it is now. That was the age of wigs, ruffles, gold lace, cocked hats, very low bows, and very hard drinking. They used to send out invitations to dinner like this: "Mr. A. sends his compliments to Mr. B, and requests the honor of his company to dinner *and to get drunk.*" Fancy a party commencing with the utmost formality of bows and dignified reserve, and ending in the master of the house getting up and locking the door, and vowing that the company should not stir till some immense quantity of wine had been consumed, which meant until they were all rolling drunk on the floor and under the table! Such things were of common occurrence one hundred years ago, but thanks to the good work the temperance cause has done, such things would be regarded as most disgraceful in any refined society at the present day.





CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

THE hope of the future triumph of temperance lies with the young. But what can they do? A little fellow was an errand boy in an office where there were four gentlemen. He was quite small for his age, and did not seem to grow much. One of the gentlemen said to him one day—

“You will never amount to much ; you never can do much business, you are too small.”

“Well,” said the little fellow, after a moment’s hesitation. “As small as I am, I can do something which none of you gentlemen can do.”

“Ah, what is that ?” they asked.

“I don’t know as I ought to tell you,” he replied. But they were anxious to know, and they urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing!*" said the boy. I tell you there were some blushes on four manly faces in that office then, and there was not another word on the subject.

All boys and girls can keep from ever taking intoxicating drinks, and that is what thousands of men are unable to do.

A Swedish ship called the *Takla Maria*, was out on a long voyage. They had scarcely got more than fairly out to sea, when the captain, the mate and several of the crew took sick and were obliged to stay in their beds. None of the other sailors knew how to navigate the vessel. The captain's son, a boy twelve years of age, was on board, and he had learned how to take a solar observation. That boy took charge of the ship, navigated her during a voyage of six months, and brought her safely into port, and landed his sick father and the other sick sailors, when they were taken to the hospital. The Insurance Company, who had insured the vessel, heard of that boy, and made him the present of a good sum of money. And well he deserved it.

Boys, if nobody else can or will, take you hold and help to navigate the noble ship of Temperance.

Let me tell you what a little boy, ten years of age,

once did. He was a French boy, and his name was Jean Cavalier; he was born among the mountains. He was accustomed to scale the rocky heights with fearless agility, and he was sure-footed as one of the mountain goats. Jean lived in a time of dark and bloody persecution. People dared not then to read God's word and worship Him according to their conscience; and for doing this, they were hunted down and murdered by the king's soldiers.

For twenty years, the Popish king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand of his soldiers to exterminate three thousand of these Protestant worshippers. For several weeks it had been made known among these persecuted mountain Christians, that the great pastor Brousson would minister to them on a certain day. In spite of every precaution, the news of this meeting had reached the ears of Captain Daigurrier, who had six hundred men under him, and who at once started to capture and butcher, if possible, the entire congregation.

Jean was climbing a high rock above his father's house, in search of a missing goat, when he spied the red caps of the soldiers far below in the valley. He knew well what they were coming for, and he hurried down to his mother.

"'I have seen the King's troops going up, and there is no one at home to give warning but me.'

"'Then,' said the mother, 'Speed away boldly, my boy; the safety of five hundred of God's people depends on your fleetness and courage.' Jean stooped and kissed his mother's hand, jumped on his smart mountain pony, and in a few minutes he was riding away through the dim forest, anxiously conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he might get ahead of the soldiers; when he heard the sound of a conch shell, and in an instant the soldiers were in sight. Quick-witted Jean, instead of attempting to fly, boldly rode up to meet them.

"'Where are you going?' asked the captain.

"'To the upper hills to seek my father,' replied Jean.

"'This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel alone,' said the officer.

"'I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none,' returned the boy.

"'You shall come with me,' continued the captain suspiciously. 'So fine a boy must not grow up a rebel.'

"Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors' apparently quite submissive, but the vigilant little fellow contrived to fall back gradually, till after a while he was among the hindmost. Jean knew that

close to a brook, and hid among the bushes, was a cavern. Seizing an opportune moment, he turned his pony, dashed down into the brush, leaped off, and ran into the cavern. It was some minutes before the clumsy soldiers could descend after him. When they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was to be seen.

"Little Jean crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search, but soon the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band. When the last echoes had died away he ventured out, aware that his chances of giving timely warning were less now than before; but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer, the intrepid boy hastened breathlessly on.

"Not far away several hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform, engaged in worship. While little Jean was coming up, the minister was saying—

"'What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Has not His Holy Spirit comforted His afflicted children? Will He not in time of need cause His angel to go before us?' A cry startled the congregation.

"'Fly, the enemy comes!' rang out in a shrill childish voice. And looking around, they saw a little figure in a white goatskin coat, and white locks of golden hair glowing in the mellow sunset. They quickly dispersed, and when the troops arrived there was nothing to be seen but deserted rocks and the lonely forest. The commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, but many of the congregation always maintained afterwards, that God had sent an angel to save them. Jean lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant Faith." That boy helped to save five hundred lives, and so may you help to save hundreds and thousands from a far more deadly enemy—drink.

It is just the finest sight in the world to see a man or boy, courageous and strong in refusing to do evil.

Here is the story of another boy, that no power could induce to drink a drop of liquor.

"So this is our new cabin-boy, was my inward exclamation," says our story teller, "as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a sad abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard so many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they

were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board, and I was curious to know more about him.

“‘Allen,’ I asked, ‘have you ever been on the ocean before?’

“‘No, sir,’ he replied, respectfully touching his hat.

“‘You will find that this is a very rough and dangerous life then,’ I continued.

“‘I shall endeavor to use myself to it as others have done before me; besides,’ he continued earnestly, ‘as long as I know that God dwells on sea as well as land, I can safely face any hardships I may have to encounter.’ These words uttered with such an air of innocence and trust in a supreme power, surprised me. Not being entirely satisfied with my enquiries, I asked—

“‘Why did you not accept the liquor which some of the sailors have so good-naturedly offered you?’

“‘Because,’ he replied almost vehemently, ‘I hate the smell of rum, I despise the beverage, and can only look with disgust upon those who favor it and,’ here his voice quivered with suppressed emotion, ‘because I have felt the curse of its baneful effects.’ He said no more, but abruptly turned and left me.

"My interest and sympathy were sufficiently aroused however, and I resolved to watch over, and protect him as far as possible from the ungovernable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors. A few days after my conversation with Allen, I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the fore part of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

" 'Laugh on,' I heard Allen's firm voice reply, 'but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another.' A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, whom they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy, and said—

" 'Now, me hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end, whin ye've swallowed this.' He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed, at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the

boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden cried out sternly—

“‘Hoist that fellow aloft into the main topsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!’ Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low respectful tone—

“‘I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me, I meant no offence.’ I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

“‘Faster!’ cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go; but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended from the arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch basket.

“‘Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you,’ muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was

in his present frame of mind. By night-fall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half-empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and, therefore, had little hope that Allen would be released, still I ventured to say—

“ ‘Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I am afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer.’

“ ‘Sick ! bah, not a bit of it ; he’s got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense ; no person on board my ship ever gets sick, they know better than to play that game on me. But I’ll go and see what he is doing, anyhow.’

“ Arrived on deck, speaking through his trumpet, he shouted, ‘ Ho ! my lad.’

“ ‘Aye, aye, sir,’ was the faint, but prompt response from above, as Allen’s face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

“ ‘How do you like your new berth ?’ was the captain’s mocking question.

“ ‘Better than grog or whisky, sir.’ came the quick reply from Allen.

“ ‘If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass ?’ and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

“ ‘I have foresworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life.’

“ ‘There, that settles it,’ said the captain, turning to me; ‘he’s got to stay up there to-night, he’ll be toned down before morning.’ After the captain had disappeared, I hastily took some blankets, and induced the steward to supply me with some warm biscuit and coffee, and with them I went up to the poor fellow. He eagerly took it without saying a word, at last he said—

“ ‘I suppose, I will have to stay up here all night.

“ ‘Yes, poor fellow, I’m sorry, but why did you not taste, at least, a little of the wine, just to humor him? You would have been free now, if you had done so.’

“ ‘Sir,’ he began earnestly, ‘if you had promised your mother, in her dying hour, never to taste anything intoxicating, would you break that promise?’

“ ‘No, certainly not, my friend; but I think if your mother knew the circumstances you are placed in at present, she would absolve you from your pledge for the sake of your safety.’

“ ‘She does know, she does know it,’ he whispered, grasping my hand tightly. But fearing to be discovered in my work of mercy, I cut short the conver-

sation and bade him good-night. By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, 'Ho, my lad!' there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now; and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said—

"'Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more.' With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice said—

"'Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?'

"'Go on,' said the captain, 'but do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship.'

"'Two weeks before I came on board this ship, I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot; I was alone, yes alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart

and ruined my father's life. Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined, I told him of my intention of going sea. Do with me what you will, captain, let me freeze to death in the mainmast, throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not, for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined a wife's husband, and do not let it ruin a mother's only son.'

"He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round—

" 'For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bankroft's pledge. And never,' he continued, firing up, 'let me catch any of you ill-treating him.' He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered and I was left alone with Allen.

" 'Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—'

" 'That you are free,' I added, 'and that no one will trouble you again.'

" 'Lieutenant,' he said, 'if I was not so ill and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden.' He served

on our vessel three years, and was a universal favorite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast."





CHAPTER XXII.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE.

NOBODY suffers more from the curse of drink than women and children, and nobody can do more to put an end to this evil than they, if they will. A few years ago the Christian women of the United States started a crusade against rum. They went to the taverns, sang Christian hymns, knelt down in the bar-rooms and prayed for the liquor-sellers, and besought them with tears to give up the business. Within a few months eight hundred rum-sellers gave up the trade, and what was far better, professed faith in Christ. Twenty-five hundred grog-shops were closed. Two hundred and fifty towns were entirely freed from rum-shops. The excitement of all this may have subsided, and some of the good results swept away, but it shows what women

can do, when they try in good earnest. The women of America have it in their power, with God's help, to put down the liquor-traffic; and down it would go, if they would only join hands and resolve *it shall be done*.

It was no very great mistake, after all, when it was said: "That men rule the world, and that women rule the men, and so it is easy to see who rules the world." Woman's sweet dominion in the home, her rule in the exercise of purity, and love, and gentleness, ought to be mighty in the tender hearts of children, and over brother, husband, and son. Women get credit for being tremendously fond of having their own way. It is said that—

"When they will, they will, you may depend on't ;

When they won't, they wont, and there's an end on't."

That is, after all, a valuable stubbornness sometimes, when they are on the right side, as very often they are. We believe the greater part of them are on the right side on this temperance question.

Every mother could try to form a temperance society in her own family *when the children were young*. How often could the father be persuaded by his loving wife, and for the sake of his children, to put down *his* name at the head, right under the temper-

ance pledge. Then she could put hers, and each child as it grew old enough, to know what this meant, could set down its name. There is a family Bible in a home we know of, with a list of this kind. Every name in that home is down; the last name was that of a dear little boy seven years of age, whose little hand the father held and guided, as he, too, joined the family temperance band. That was but a few months before he died. Several others whose names are there, are gone, too, from earth, but they all died sweet Christian deaths—all the sweeter and happier that they abjured the curse of drink, and left a blessed example behind them for others to follow.

A whisky distiller in the States, sent the Queen of England a barrel of his best liquor as a present, and had the impudence to name it "Victoria Whisky." The Queen sent it back to him in disgust. She would have nothing to do with his whisky, nor allow her pure and noble name to be stuck on his abominable trash.

One of the noblest things any woman has done for temperance for many a day, was the act of Mrs. Hayes, the wife of a late President of the United States, who banished all intoxicating liquors from the White House during the whole four years of her husband's adminis-

tration. It is to the credit of Canada, too, that the wife of the present Prime Minister of State, is a firm teetotaler. May the noble examples of these ladies find a great many imitators in the high places of the earth !

There is no heroism grander than that which women are capable of showing in times of sorest need. Several years ago the yellow fever raged dreadfully in the Southern States. All the Northern cities were quarantined against the South. Every vessel coming from that direction was jealously watched. The whole Northern population was in dread of the spreading of that horrible plague. In the height of this terror, one Northern city held a mass meeting, and resolved to swing open her doors for the fugitive sufferers.

"Come in," they practically said, "and we will nurse you while sick, we will bury you if you die, and we will mother your children after you are gone." All the trains came in loaded with the victims. Some came in wild delirium, some lay on the floor of the cars ; some died at the depôt ; others were lifted into waggons and were taken to the hospitals and private residences. They came so fast, thousands by thousands, that the baggage was sometimes piled up in the streets. Not one sufferer was cast out. Not

one orphan was unsheltered. Great surges of pain beat hour after hour, day after day, week after week, until the city became one great groan of distress, and one great benediction of charity. The mothers, the wives, the daughters of that beautiful city, bent day and night unceasingly over the sick, the dying, and the dead. The blessing of God Almighty will be on that city, and its noble women, forever.

In the City of Memphis, during the same terrible time, the women displayed a fortitude truly amazing. Fearless of consequences, they sat by the bedside of the burning body, breathing in the poison of the sick-room, foul with the odor of the dreadful disease, doing a work no one else would do, bespattered with that most horrible of all substances—black vomit—wearing a smile, while the heart was breaking within nursing and caring for their loved ones till they died or recovered. Many of those women paid the penalty of their service with their own lives.

A relief committee-man walked into a house. There were two children down, one was weak but getting better, the other tossing in a burning fever. A little woman in black sat between the two, and was in the act of kissing the brow of the fevered one.

“Can’t I send you a nurse, madam,” he said.

"No, sir," (the pale little woman smiled.)

"I have brought one child through, and I shall bring the other." She would not yield, no other hand but hers could minister to her little ones. An old grandmother not only nursed her grandson till he died, but for want of some one else to do it, had, with her own hands, prepared him for the grave. Mothers made their sons leave town for safety, and then, relieved apparently of all alarm, sank down themselves to die. Wives absent, returned to the city against the positive orders of their husbands, preferring to die with those they loved, rather than suffer the agony of suspense, while away.

It was well said: "God in his mercy has sent these ministering angels to make us forget for a time the horrors of wholesale deaths, and contemplate in them the glory and beauty of a better world."

A worse plague than ever the yellow fever was, rages all over our land. It is the plague of drink. And none can do as much to stay its progress, as the steady hands and brave, true hearts of women.






CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BEST OF SWORDS.



AFTER all, it needs a stronger arm than human to root out and effectually destroy this giant evil of intemperance. The biggest and the bravest soldiers in the Israelite army, did not dare to go out, and fight with Goliath. He was an enormous, blasphemous, and bloody fellow that, —just such another customer as we have got to deal with now. But young David, only a mere boy, was not afraid to go out and fight him, because he went out in the name of the God of Israel whom Goliath had defied. Goliath found his match then, and the liquor traffic will only find its match, when the men and women, the boys and girls of the land fight it in the name, and in the strength of Almighty God.



We must fight this giant with the Bible—the sword of the Spirit of God—in our hands. You would think, to hear the liquor-drinkers and sellers quote Scripture to defend their practices, that they were wonderful Bible readers. We fear their knowledge of Scripture is not much. Like the old lady that the minister was visiting once. She seemed to talk like a pious Bible-loving old woman. When he had got through his conversation—

“Now,” said he, “if you will hand me the Bible, I will read and pray with you.”

She went off to get the Bible, but somehow it took her a long time to find it. After she had hunted over the whole house for it, she came back with a face beaming with delight and said, “I am so glad you came in, for I have found my spectacles that have been *lost for three years*. I have been searching for them everywhere and never could imagine what had become of them, till I *have found them just now in the Bible*.”

We fancy it is precious little that most of the liquor traders or liquor-drinkers care to read in that book. Their quotations of Scripture are a good deal like a quotation a whisky-loving Scotchman once made—

“Why,” said he, “I have a Scripture command for

drinking spirits. The Bible says, '*we are to try the spirits.*'" And so every whisky-bottle he could lay his hands on, he was bound to try, quoting his favorite passage as his authority.

We don't think that these lovers of liquor put very much faith in the countenance they say the Bible gives them in their practices. All the passages of Scripture they bring forward are very far from keeping their *own consciences easy*.

The eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who was a good man, but who had the oddest way of bringing people to feel the truth, once was on his way to preach in South Carolina, when, underneath an old spruce tree, he overtook a colored lad who was blowing a large tin horn, and who could send forth a blast with rise and swell and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling him aside, Dow said to him—

"What's your name?" "Gabriel, sir," he replied.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been there many a time."

"Do you remember a big spruce tree on the hill?"

"Yes, massa; I know dat pine tree."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow is going to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"O yes, everybody knows dat?"

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning and climb up that tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow a blast with your horn such as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa; I takes dat dollar."

Gabriel, like Zacchaeus, was hid away in the tree-top in due time. An immense concourse of people, all sizes and colors, assembled at the appointed hour and Dow preached on the judgment at the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the highest pitch of excitement, describing the scenes at the resurrection, at the call of the trumpet peals which were to awaken the sleeping nations.

"Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, suppose you should hear at this moment the sound of Gabriel's trumpet?"

Sure enough at that moment the trumpet sounded. The women shrieked and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast. Some ran. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm, till the fright some-

what abated, and some one had discovered the colored angel, who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him. Dow then resumed his discourse saying, "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will you do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder from the Archangel? How will you be able to stand the great wrath of God?"

It is *conscience* that makes cowards of us all, and it takes very little to scare the guilty consciences of liquor-sellers and drinkers, who know well the iniquities of their doings, notwithstanding their absurd appeals to Scripture in self-justification.

The Bible is the deadliest of enemies to intemperance and every other sin.

There was once a little boy, who went to Sunday-school regularly, and had learned his lessons so well, that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. He was once on a steam-boat making a journey. One day as he sat alone on deck, looking down into the water, two ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them should go and try to persuade him to drink. So the wicked man

drew near to the boy, and in a very pleasant voice, and manner, invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him.

"I thank you, sir," he said, "but I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you; come and drink with me."

"'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise,' was the boy's ready answer.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"'At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,'" said the boy; "I think it wiser not to play with adders." "My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, putting on a most flattering air, "I like you, you are no child, you are fit to be a companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me."

The lad looked him steadily in the eye, and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" This was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?" the other asked.

"Oh, the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is, so full of the Bible, you can't do anything with him."

See what the Bible says about strong drink. Is there any woe pronounced on the drunkard? "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Isaiah v. 1-22.

Does drinking liquor lead people astray? "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way. The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." Isaiah xxviii. 7.

What was commanded to be done with intemperate children? "And they shall say unto the elders of his city—This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear." Deut. xxi. 20, 21.

Does strong drink lead to worldly prosperity? "Be, not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty,

and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." Proverbs xxiii. 20, 21.

What are the consequences of using strong drink?

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Proverbs xxiii. 29, 30.

How may we avoid these evils of drink? "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32.

What is said of those who tempt others to drink?

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness." Habakkuk ii. 15.

What temperance society is mentioned in the Bible?

"But they said, we will drink no wine, for Jonadab, the son of Rechab our father, commanded us, saying, ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever." Jeremiah xxxv. 6.

What blessing was pronounced upon this society?

"And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Rechabites,

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according unto all that he commanded you; Therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Jeremiah xxxv. 18, 19.

What does the Apostle Paul say of wine? "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Ephesians v. 18.

What should be our position on temperance for the sake of others? "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Romans xiv. 21.

What is said about the salvation of drunkards? "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God." I. Corinthians vi. 10.

What is said of the prayers of such as injure their fellow-men by such things as making and selling strong drink? "And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide my eyes from you, yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean: put away

the evil of your doings from before mine eyes. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well. Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Isaiah i. 15-17.

This is what the Bible says about fermented intoxicating wine. But what does it say about whisky, brandy, gin, and such drinks? *Not a word.* These horrible drinks were unknown in ancient times, and for about a thousand years after the time of Christ. If the Bible so strongly condemned the use of the juice of the grape, when it had fermented and become intoxicating, what language would it have used to denounce the fiery poisons concocted by our modern skill, and sold in all our taverns and saloons?

Think of Paul speaking of them as, "Good creatures of God," and recommending Timothy to use them for his stomach's sake; the villianous mixtures drunk every day in our groggeries, the infernal *rot-gut* made of vitriol, nux vomica, arsenic, sulphate of lead, and the like deadly poisons! And yet that is the blasphemous nonsense that these whisky-lovers put into Paul's mouth. If wine is spoken of in the Bible with favor, it cannot be the strong, intoxicating wine, for *that*, as you see, is denounced in the very severest terms, and the *Bible never contradicts itself.*

The pure unfermented juice of the grape is one of the most wholesome, nourishing, and delightful drinks in the world, and one that can do no harm. *That* is one of God's good creatures. It was, and is still, largely used in the East. It is most probable that such wine was the sort used in the chief Jewish sacrifices, where all leaven, or fermentation, was carefully excluded, and in Christ's own institution of the Last Supper, where He speaks of "drinking of the fruit of the vine." Certainly, a liquid, in a state of partial rottenness, which fermentation simply is, seems a very unsuitable emblem of the infinitely perfect and spotless sacrifice of our blessed Redeemer.





CHAPTER XXIV.

LOOK UPWARDS.

WE must pray to God for the success of temperance. Not such prayers, however, as a man once put himself off with. He had just conscience enough to feel that he ought to pray before he went to bed, but he was too lazy to attend to the duty properly. So he wrote out a little prayer and fastened it up at the head of his bed. When he was ready to retire, he looked up at the prayer and said, "Them's my sentiments," and tumbled into bed.

We must believe that there is no better way of getting out of this dreadful peril than by earnest prayer. That is true; and there is no better way out of any other serious danger, than by the same path.

In a western cabin, miles from all other residences,

there sat a Christian mother rocking her babe to sleep. The husband and father had been called suddenly off on business, and there had been no defence provided for that house that night in the wilderness. As the mother sat there in the cabin, rocking her babe to sleep, glancing to the floor, she saw a ruffian's foot projecting from under the table. Having rocked her child to sleep, she then knelt down and said—

“Oh, Lord, keep this child, keep me! Oh, Thou who never slumbereth, watch over our cabin to-night! Let no harm come to us. If there be those abroad who wish us ill, bring them to a better mind. The Lord have mercy upon all wanderers, all who do deeds of violence and death. Bring them to Thyself—bring them to pardon and to heaven.” As she rose from prayer the ruffian came out from under the table and said—

“There will be no harm to you to-night. Pray for me. I am the wanderer that you spoke of. Pray for me.”

Years passed on, and that Christian woman sat in a great temperance meeting. There was a great orator that day to be present, and as he preached righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, his eye fell upon the countenance of that woman. His cheek grew

pale, and he almost failed in his speech. He was the converted robber whom her fervent prayer had saved. At the close of the meeting they joined hands, and a few words of conversation passed, and some one said :

“ Why, where did you form the acquaintance of that orator ? ”

“ Never mind,” she said; “ I have known him many years.”

Has not the temperance cause failed for want of more prayer ? Have we not been criminally neglectful of this mightiest of all weapons, in this deadly struggle ?

There is a legend about a place in Cornwall, England, called Tintagel. In the church there they had a fine set of bells, whose music excited the envy of the folks in the neighboring village, called Bottreaux, whose church had none. The Bottreaux people were determined to have a chime of their own. The bells were ordered from London, and as the legend runs, the vessel containing them was nearing the coast, and the pilot, who was a native of Tintagel, and a pious man, upon hearing the Tintagel bells ring, devoutly thanked God they were so near home, and prayed they might soon safely land.

The captain, who was a prayerless, ungodly man, said, “ Thank the ship and the sails—thank God ashore.”

"Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land."

"Not so," said the captain, "thank yourself and a fair wind."

The pilot persisted, and the captain grew angry, swore, and blasphemed. The ship, meanwhile, was drawing nearer land, and the rocks were seen crowded with the inhabitants eagerly waiting for their much-loved bells. Suddenly a heavy bank of clouds gathered and darkened the entire sky. A furious wind arose and lashed the sea into mountain-billows. The vessel became unmanageable, and driving towards the coast, capsized and foundered, when all on board perished, except the pilot, who, supported by a piece of the wreck, was washed ashore unhurt.

The storm raged with extreme violence, and as the legend says, in the pauses of the gale, the clang of the bells ringing from the bottom of the sea, was heard by the people; and in the great storms that often sweep that coast, people fancy they still hear, from the ocean's depth, the ringing of the bells.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea ;
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.

"Come to thy God in time!"
Rang out Tintagel chime,
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells,
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage chime,
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"
The Captain's voice above the gale.
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime,
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word;
What thrills the captain's whitening lip!
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime,
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell;
While those around would hear and weep—
The fearful judgment of the deep.

“Come to thy God in time!”

He read his native chime,
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreaux waves,
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide;

“Come to thy God in time!”

Thus saith the ocean chime;
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
“Come to thy God at last!”





CHAPTER XXV.

THE ALMIGHTY HELPER.

IF we do not seek God's almighty help, in vain do we try to bring this contest with drink to a victorious end. All our efforts will come to nought, and we shall be overwhelmed with disaster and defeat.

While the American Civil War was raging, a deputation of Christian gentlemen waited on President Lincoln, making a request that he would appoint a day of national humiliation and prayer that the war might be brought to a successful termination.

"You know," said one of them, "the Lord is on our side." "There is something else," said the President, "I think is of more importance." "What can that be," they asked, with a look of great surprise, and almost horror.

"*That we be on the Lord's side,*" replied the President.

There is no doubt what side the Lord is on, in this battle with drink. The great thing is for us all, old and young, to be on the Lord's side in this matter. God alone knows all the miseries that intoxicating liquor has brought on millions in this afflicted world; and He alone, has been the Helper of multitudes who have innocently suffered from its cruel power.

A good man was once making some charity calls among the wretched tenement houses of a large city. He climbed to the upper room of one of these houses. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that, perhaps, some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years of age.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir; I'm hiding!"

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead!"

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him, but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, could be seen the broken skin and black bruises on his poor little body.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?" "Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn." He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir, good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom underneath his little ragged shirt—*dead*.

The reformed drunkard's only hope is in God. Woe be to him, if he has only his own strength to depend upon in the fearful struggle with the appetite for drink.

Striker Stowe was a tall powerful Scotchman, who was the "boss striker" at the steel works in a certain town in Scotland. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was as bad as any of them. But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had been converted, and sure enough when pressed to take a drink he said—

"I shall never drink mair, my lads. Na droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled and said, "Wait a bit—wait till hot weather, until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel pit he will give in; he can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off him in streams. Yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally some one said to him—

"Stowe, you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It is now ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes!"

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would halp me. He did so, and I put a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From eight till nine He kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till tan He's kep' me, and noo I gie Him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray, O Lord, halp me—halp me to fight off another hour."

"How long shall you keep it up?" he was asked.

"All o' my life!" was the earnest reply.

"It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness, that I wouldna gie it up for anything. It is just as if He took me by the hand and said—

'Wark awa,' Striker Stowe, I'm wi ye. Dinna be fearfu', you teck care o' yeer regular work an' I'll see to the devil an' the thirst; they shallna' trouble ye."

God only can save the drunkard; But He can save the worst and vilest. John B. Gough was lecturing in Scotland, and one evening as he sat down in a hall filled with outcasts and drunkards, that the city missionaries had managed to collect together, a gentleman said to him, "You have 'Fire' in the house to-night."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Do you see that tall woman over yonder?"

"Yes!"

"Well, her nickname is 'Hellfire,' she is known by no other name in the neighborhood where she lives. When she appears in the streets, the boys cry, 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the whole place. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance you will see such a row as as you never saw before." "When I rose to address the audience," says Mr. Gough, "I expected a row, and I confess I felt somewhat nervous. I spoke to them

as men and women, not as outcasts or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear; but there might be comfort, light, and peace with poverty. I told them I had been poor, very poor. I spoke of my mother and her struggles, then of her faith and love and hope, and there was no degradation in poverty—only *sin* caused that. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out:

“‘That’s all true.’ The woman ‘Fire’ rose to her feet and facing me, said—

“‘That’s a’ true mon—ye’re telling the truth;’ and stretching her arms to the audience, said, ‘The mon kens what he’s talking about.’

“When I concluded, she came on the platform, and I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with ‘strong-minded’ or big-fisted women, but after looking at me a moment, she said—

“‘Tak a gude look at me, mon, I’m a bit of a beauty aint I?’

“Then coming close to me, she said, ‘Would you gie a body like me the pledge?’

“I answered at once, ‘Yes, ma’am.’

“A gentleman said, ‘She cannot keep it, she will be

drunk before she goes to bed to-night—better not give her the pledge.'

"I turned to her, 'Madam, I said,' here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it.'

"Clenching her fist, she said, 'Show me the mon.'

"I asked, 'Can you keep it?'

"'Can I?—If I say I wull, I can.'

"Then you say you will."

"'I wull.'

"'Give me your hand on that.' And I shook hands with her.

"She signed it, and I said, 'I know you will keep it, and before I go to America I will come and see you.'

"'Come and see me when you wull,' she answered, 'and you'll find I hae kept it.' It must have been two years from that time, I was speaking there again, and after the lecture, a gentleman said to me—

"'I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom, perhaps, you have forgotten.'

"'Mrs. Archer, no longer Fire.' I was introduced and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her eyes off me, from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me, is this—

“ Ah ! Mr. Gough, I am a puir body. I dinna ken much, and what little I hae kenned, has been knocked out of me by the staffs of the policemen ; for they beat me aboot the head a good deal, and knocked pretty much a’ the sense out of me, but sometimes I hae a dream—I dream I am drunk and fighting, and the police hae got me again. And then I get out of my bed and go down on my knees, and keep saying, ‘ God keep me—for I canna get drunk any mair.’

“ Her daughter said, ‘ Aye, mon, I’ve heerd my mither in the dead of night on the bare floor, crying, ‘ God keep me,’ and I’ve said, ‘ come to yer bed, mither, ye’ll be cauld,’ and she’ll tell me. ‘ No, no—I canna get drunk any mair.’

“ I heard afterwards that she had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop, and had taken a little orphan boy out of the street, and was bringing him up well. Soon after she had signed the pledge, she obtained employment in sewing coarse sacks, and earned about ten cents per day. Some one gave her a Bible, and, wet or dry, rain or shine, she would go every Sabbath to the Mission Chapel. There she became a Christian, and I was told that she employed her spare time in endeavoring to reform others. I gave her a pound note when I saw

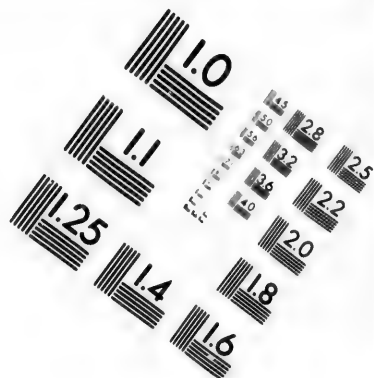
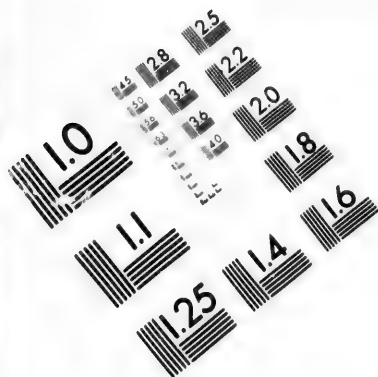
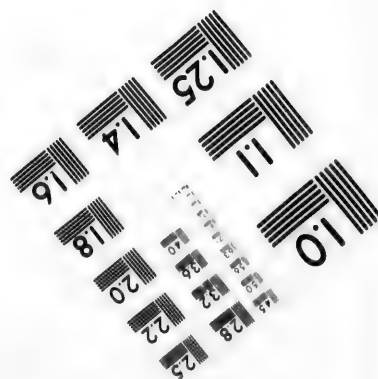
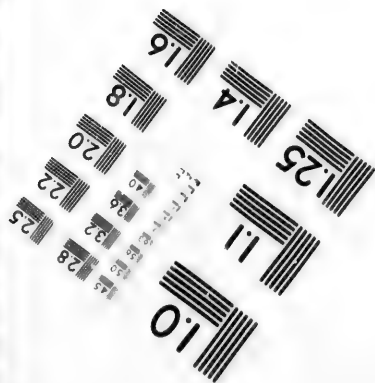
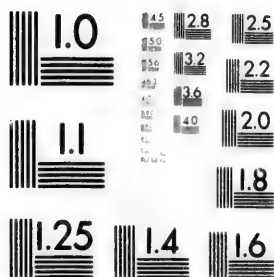


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her at the meeting, and when I called, her daughter asked me to see what her mother had bought with it. On the bed was a pair of warm woollen blankets, and she said—

“‘Mither took the pound, and bought the blankets for saxteen shillings, and brought back the four to me. I am never afraid to trust my mither now.’”



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